VOLUME 33 / NO 5 MAY 1982

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

A Portrait of William Hung (1893-1980)

A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM HUNG (1893-1980)
is a special issue of Fellowship of Prayer
Volume 33 / Number 5 / May 1982
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William Hung: The Amazing Professor

by JAMES T.C. LIU

MANY OF US in Fellowship in Prayer knew the late Professor William Hung — his leadership among us, his wise words, his gentle manners, and his striking personality. A question, however, has often been raised: how shall he be remembered? Susan Chan Egan's biography (five sections of which are included in this special memorial issue) will provide answers to this question better than I can. What I offer here is simply a brief interpretation of his academic life and especially its relationship to his religious belief.

Many scholars studying China have known him or of him as a first-rate historian and an authority in Sinology. In 1963, when he retired from Harvard at the age of seventy, the *Harvard Journal of Asiatic Studies* published an issue dedicated to him which contained an annotated list of his publications —

a total of seventy-one items. From 1963 on, though in declining years, he added another six items and helped students at Harvard on a wide range of dissertation topics. It was hard to keep up with such a productive scholar even in his old age.

What kind of historian was he? He followed neither the example of Gibbon nor the Chinese "Grand Historian" of the first century B.C. who was comparable to Gibbon in placing equal emphasis on information and literary quality. Nor did he imitate Arnold Toynbee of our times whose interpretations often outweigh the facts. His friends noticed that he went through old Chinese books, volume after volume, and then wrote something about them in China's long past. Some friends whimsically called him a bibliophile, in other words, a book collector. That he was not. Hundreds of rare books passed through his hands, but he always gave the University library the option of acquisition. Some references list him as a great contributor to bibliography. This also is mistaken, for a bibliographer compiles information about books without necessarily doing something about the information inside of them.

In search of a classification or specification that would fit a broad-gauged scholar like Dr Hung, perhaps the best one-word label would be historiographer. As such, in his study of Chinese history he had two priorities. Chinese historical materials did contain a vast amount of information. They also, unfortunately, transmitted misinformation. Langlois, the great historiographer of 19th century France, coined the dictum: "No document, no history." Hung amended it to read: "No accurate document, no accurate history." Hence, before much meaningful work on Chinese history could be done, two conditions had to be fulfilled. First, sources had to be made accurately and efficiently available to students. And second, students had to be trained in research methods of obtaining reliable information from the sources.

As long as there are scholars studying Chinese history, Dr Hung will be remembered for the research aids he provided. From 1931 to 1947, he published some forty indices and some twenty supplements to various important works in Chinese history. A number of these indices were reprinted in China in recent years, carrying neither the name of the compiler nor any other acknowledgement. In any event, the indices are so useful that all of them have been reprinted as time-tested research aids by the Association for Asian Studies, the national professional organization. No one will be surprised if twenty or thirty years from now a third edition of them appears.

To compile these indices, Dr Hung struggled with the problem of Chinese characters. They are not phonetic and cannot be arranged alphabetically. The only way to group them is by shape. The question was how to put the complex shapes into an easy-to-use system — easy, that is, for a westerner even before he knows much Chinese. The system Dr Hung devised was to divide all Chinese characters or words by their general shape into five groups, to divide each character within each group by the shape of its four corners, and finally, in order to differentiate one character from another, to count the number, if any, of enclosed squares in each character. By this process each character has a six-digit number: general shape + four corners + number of squares. The

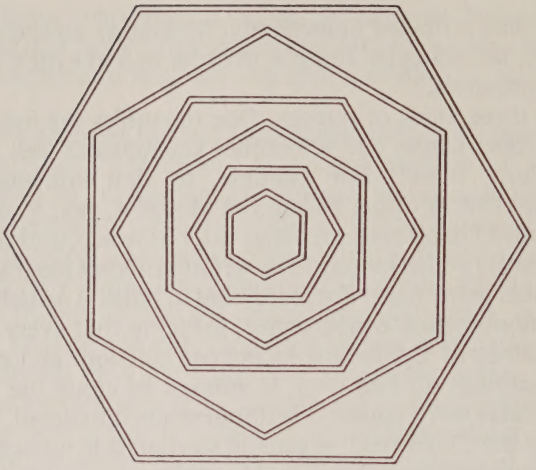
entire index is thus arranged numerically. Specialists nowadays are studying various systems, including Dr Hung's, in order to make the Chinese language amenable to computers.

There are three kinds of indices. One resembles the index of a western book, listing proper names and sometimes key terms as well. A second is an historical "Who's Who." For example, to find information about an individual prominent in China before the Mongols, say, in the 11th or 12th century (the period I happen to specialize in), I look at one of the indices and it tells me immediately which among forty-seven different biographical accounts contain references to my man. The third kind of index is actually more than an index. It is a monumental concordance, meaning that every word of a text such as the *Analects* of Confucius, except conjunctions and expletives which do not have meanings of their own, is indexed by citing the full sentence in which the particular word appears. Without going into detail, suffice it to say that everyone in the China field — veteran scholars and novices alike, not just Chinese, but Japanese, Americans, and Europeans — uses these indices as indispensable time-savers. Without a doubt, succeeding generations will, too. On the other hand, neither any scholar as yet nor the Harvard-Yenching Institute itself has picked up the enterprise where Dr Hung left off.

Whenever the story of these indices is told, people wonder if this remarkable historiographer who worked so hard on these aids for other people ever had the time to write some books of his own. Amazingly, the answer is yes and no. For a number of the indices Dr Hung wrote book-length monographs. One of them — the preface to the texts of the *Book of Rites* — won him a prize in France.

Once the indices were set aside, and Dr Hung found himself staying on at Harvard without plans to return to China, he plunged into the topic he had loved best for years. The result was the two volumes of his biography of Tu Fu. Friends of the great scholar were puzzled, even dismayed, when they found that the second volume of this work was nothing but one lengthy note after another. In the first volume, Dr Hung is the historian of the life of the great poet. In the second volume, he insists on being the model historiographer. Anyone desirous of doing further work on the poet, his friends or contemporaries, or the conditions of his times, will have to go systematically through the second volume — as if he were taking Dr Hung's course in historical methodology. In following the master, the craft becomes that much easier. A great historiographer manages thereby to train many young historians in the ages to come.

Dr Hung, the amazing professor, accomplished all of this in the prime of his life, in the quarter century between 1927 to 1952. It is hard to explain. Tentatively I offer one point. I cannot believe it was simply professional drive or sheer will-power. I suspect it was his personality reinforced by spiritual power. His personality was outreaching — his profession was to teach others, his historiography extended his service beyond his own students to scholars around the world, and his religious belief was the same: to serve people. In praying his thoughts included others. Do we not see in this some kind of integration? Perhaps an integration of personality, profession, and prayer.



A Portrait of William Hung

EXCERPTS FROM THE BIOGRAPHY-IN-PROGRESS
by SUSAN CHAN EGAN

Childhood in Foochow

WHEN William Hung's mother was pregnant with him, the wife of a close friend of his father was also expecting. To seal their friendship, the two fathers betrothed their unborn children to each other on the chance that they should prove to be a boy and a girl. This was not an uncommon practice in old China. Hung was born on October 27, 1893, in the city of Foochow. A few weeks later, his fiancee, May-may Lien, was born in a neighboring city.

Hung's earliest name, Hung Cheng-chi ("Right Continuance") was given him by his father to be entered in the clan's genealogical register. When he was ready to go to school, his father gave him his school or official name, Hung Yeh ("Great Enterprise"). In the Foochow dialect, this is pronounced "Hung Ngiek." In his twenty-third year, when he left Foochow for Delaware, Ohio, he renamed himself William Hung.

Though the capital city of a province and a seaport well-known in international trade, Foochow was then still a city impassable by wheeled vehicles because of its hilly terrain and narrow streets paved with stone slabs, which ran here and there, up and down, into steep, stony steps. A high wall enclosed the

city, where stately banyan trees, luxuriant bamboos, and many brilliantly flowering plants grew in the subtropical climate. But there was also the gloomy sight of thousands of graves dotting the hillsides. Even as a boy, Hung was saddened by so much land's being taken by the dead and lost to the living. His parents, being poor, did not have a homestead. They and an uncle, some aunts, and several cousins lived together in rented houses. Their cramped quarters gave rise to an atmosphere in which the surface harmony barely covered the strains underneath.

Hung spent most of his childhood not in the walled city, but at his maternal grandparents' place in the Southern Suburb, on an island in the Min River delta, called Nantai. In the city he was merely the third grandson of Grandmother Hung. In Nantai, he was the proud first grandchild of Grandparents Lin.

The Lins had their own spacious domicile, a complex of nearly a dozen buildings facing a street that ran along a branch of the Min River. At the front end of the complex was a big wooden structure housing Grandfather Lin's tea company, Yung-chi ("Ever Lucky"). During certain times of the year, twenty to thirty women worked in the big hall, with its great exposed beams and skylights, sorting tea leaves. After the sorting was done, another team of workers would arrive to pack the tea in tin-lined wooden chests. To one side of the hall were several rooms which were occupied by the staff of the company except for one corner office with an upstairs chamber which was reserved for business guests from out of town. As the eldest grandchild, Hung was privileged to use this as his bedroom sometimes (he later remembered with fondness the lichee tree just outside the window, the ripening fruit of which he could reach out and pluck from the branches). The residential buildings were behind the tea company, all set at right angles to each other around two paved courtyards. Most of these buildings were two-storied, with a suite of three rooms on each floor. The roofs were of gray tile, on some of the ridges of which stood little glazed figures of people and animals. Grandmother Lin's bedroom was adjacent to the main hall in the central building. Grandfather Lin occupied a suite in the building to the east which had direct access to the company office. The buildings to the west were rented to tenants. And the rest of the rooms were divided among Hung's mother, his sister and brother, an aunt and an uncle. The servants' quarters, the dining-room, and the kitchen were in the back. The boundary of this complex was marked by a planked wall through the cracks of which young Hung could peer into the back yard of another family, that of another tea merchant.

During Hung's early childhood, his father made several long trips north to Peking, the imperial capital of China under the Ch'ing Dynasty, to take civil service examinations. When Hung was five years old, his father left for Shantung to launch his career there. Whenever his father came back to Foochow, Hung and his mother, sister, and brothers would travel by sedan chairs to join his paternal family in the walled city. His mother also went there, in observation of the rules of a patrilineal society, to await the births of her children, of whom there were to be six in all. All were two years apart except for the fifth and sixth, who were five years apart, thanks to the Confucian

prescription of three years' sexual abstinence after the death of a parent, in this case that of Grandmother Hung.

Grandmother Lin, who claimed to possess psychic powers, maintained that whenever her daughter delivered a child in the city several miles away, she would somehow know not only of the event but also the sex of the child and the exact hour of its birth, hours before a messenger could bring the news. Grandmother and Grandfather Lin were indulgent grandparents. One or the other of the children would sleep with Grandmother at night. And, when Hung fell ill with a high fever, Grandfather prayed and made solemn vows in all the Confucian, Buddhist, and Taoist temples and shrines as well as all the Catholic and Protestant churches in the neighborhood. He was not a believer in any religion, but hoped at least one of the spirits of one of them might bring about his grandson's recovery.

Grandfather Lin engaged a wet nurse, Mama Ch'en, to take care of Hung. Mama Ch'en almost lost her job not long after she was hired. There was a gambling shop in the neighborhood which catered to cooks and servants. A customer would bet copper coins on a number and, if that number came up, win a sum seven times his bet. Someone told Mama Ch'en that suckling infants since they were free of wicked thoughts, communicated with spirits, and suggested that she write all the possible numbers on bits of paper, wake Hung up at midnight, and let him grab the winning number. The scheme proved efficacious. One night, Hung's mother found him wailing in the midst of a group of excited servants. She was furious and threatened to fire the nurse.

Hung's earliest memory went back to an event that took place when he was about two years old, at Grandmother Hung's place in the walled city. In front of the house were vendors selling all kinds of goodies: water chestnuts, cooked snails, hawberries glazed with sugar and arranged in a row on a bamboo stick called *t'ang hu-lu.*

Hung was walking on this street with Mama Ch'en when he found a copper coin on the ground. Mama Ch'en asked him to hand it over to her. But he refused, "It's mine. I found it!"

"At least give it to me so that I can clean it," she said. "The thing is filthy." So he gave it to her and she shined it up so that the coin, with the square hole in the middle, was gleaming.

Hung then put the coin in the pocket of the overall-like clothing that children wore at that time. Come nighttime, while being bathed by Mama Ch'en in a low, oblong wooden tub in the kitchen, Hung was visited as usual by his mother. She discovered the coin in Hung's pocket and put it in her stomacher. He saw this and cried out, "Mother, don't take it! It's mine!"

"Why is it yours and where did it come from?"

"I picked it up on the street."

"You shouldn't be picking things up in the dirty street."

Mama Ch'en hastily explained that she had washed it.

"Give it back," Hung demanded. "It's mine!"

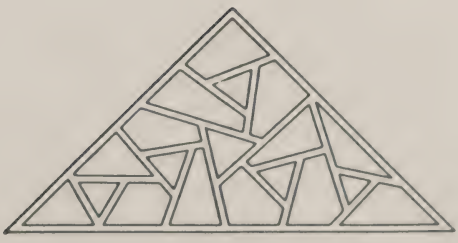
"Well," his mother said, "If you insist on dividing up what is yours and what is mine, I will give the coin back to you and you can leave the house." She

placed the coin in Hung's tiny hand, folded up all his clothes, and bid the naked two-year-old goodbye. He started to cry inconsolably and between sobs told his mother he did not want the copper coin any more.

Not long after that, Hung was walking just ahead of Mama Ch'en on the top of the city wall when a dog came running and barking toward him. As he fled in terror, the dog nipped his pants before Mama Ch'en could go to his rescue. From this, Hung acquired a phobia about dogs that lasted into his adulthood. When he walked outdoors, he always carried a cane.

Life in a Chinese city and its suburbs then was rich with sights, sounds, and smells. Peddlars of all kinds paraded by, each with his chant or yodel. Earliest in the morning came the man who collected the nightsoil to be returned as manure to the fields in the countryside. A small fee was paid for this which became part of the servants' income. There were also: the tinker, who mended household utensils, the knife and scissors sharpener, with his whetstone, the quilt-puffer, who made quilts soft and fluffy again by beating them with a bow-like instrument; the water cart rolling around, bells tinkling, filling earthen jars at every household; vendors of hot food whose stoves dangled from carrying poles — vendors of cakes whose wicker baskets balanced on their heads — vendors of malt sugar blown by mouth into moulds of horses, men, and dogs. Hung's parents forbid him malt sugar because they considered it unsanitary.

On the bank of the river that ran in front of Grandfather Lin's house, Hung caught crabs. Down river, two women sang and tread waterwheels. As the chain of wheels moved upwards, they would turn and lift buckets of water out of the river and pour it into a canal that irrigated vegetable and fruit



gardens. There also were three "Hairpinned Women," so called because they, aborigines of Foochow before it became thickly populated by Chinese from the north, wore big hairpins which stuck menacingly out of their hairdress. Unlike Chinese women who bound their feet and limited their activities to the home, the "Hairpinned Women" walked barefoot in the streets, engaging in all sorts of outdoor work. They sometimes used the public toilets which otherwise were used only by men and were known to knock men down if they dared to attempt to take advantage of them. The only other group of women who had "natural feet" were the Manchus, in the restricted section of the city.

Wandering by himself one day, Hung walked and walked until he found himself on a long, silent street with blank walls on both sides. He was lost. He came to a gate in the wall but did not have the courage to knock on its door. So he sat on a stone base of the gate and cried. The vermilion doors opened behind him, and an older boy came out and asked what the matter was. When he heard Hung's story, he offered to take him back to the Ever Lucky Tea Company. "It's practically next to our back door," the boy assured him. He took Hung's hand and led him through a seemingly interminable series of gardens with moon gates, and several dozen courtyards, before they reached a street on which appeared the familiar gate, shiny with tung oil, of the Ever Lucky Tea Company. Hung decided this must have been one of those fabled residences in which many, many generations of a clan lived together.

Hung was taken to watch his father perform as one of thirty or forty dancers at the seasonal sacrifices in the local Confucian temple. The dancers were dressed in colorful uniforms, some carrying sticks, others feathers and pennants. Sheep and hogs were killed as sacrifices, according to rituals handed down from the Han Dynasty. When his father brought home a piece of raw

pork that was his share of the sacrifice, it was a treat for Hung, because at Grandmother Lin's the normal fare was rice, vegetables, and sometimes fowl or salted fish.

Once, Hung spied some white sticks on his mother's dressing table. He reached up to examine them — and, because they were brittle, broke them. As soon as his father saw the broken pieces, which were the ivory frame of a fan that a friend wanted his father to inscribe a poem on, he guessed the culprit. He chased Hung with a rod. Hung hid behind Grandmother Hung, who told her son,, "You'll have to beat me before you beat him!" Ordinarily, however, Hung's father was an even-tempered man who seldom raised his voice. It was his mother who administered discipline, not hesitating, when the offense warranted, to give him a few whacks on the behind.

When Hung was about four years old, he was ready to go to school. The teacher who taught the children next door came to the house. He and Hung's father knelt on red rugs and bowed to each other. Then the teacher sat down in the red-cushioned armchair, and Hung was told to kneel and kowtow three times to him. Presently the teacher lifted Hung onto his shoulder and carried him, along with a package of school supplies, next door. There a table was set with a plaque bearing the inscription, "The Place of the Perfect Great Master Confucius." Hung was told to kneel down in front of this plaque and kowtow three times again. After this, all the pupils stood in a circle and bowed together once.

From that day on, Hung went to class every day from seven o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night, with three hours for lunch and afternoon naps and one hour for supper. There were no Saturdays or Sundays. The sole vacations were fifteen days off around the Chinese new year, and a day off in spring to visit ancestral graves, a day off for the Dragonboat Festival, for the Mid-Autumn Moon Festival, and for the birthdays of the Empress Dowager and the Emperor, Confucius, and his own parents. Apart from these, there were no absences allowable except when the student was sick at home or had to accompany his parents on visits to relatives.

There were usually six other children in the school Hung went to. Three belonged to the neighbor who had engaged the teacher, and the others were students recruited by the teacher himself with the permission of his employer. The first lessons were to learn to write simple words with the inked brush, beginning by tracing the characters printed in red: *shang, ta, jen, kung, i, chi,* ("up," "big," "man," "hole," "second," "self"). These characters are simple enough graphically, but together, they mean nothing whatsoever. Also, after a few days, Hung learned how to count and to write up to ten.

The method of instruction was mainly memorization. Every day a student was assigned a certain passage in the Confucian texts. The teacher punctuated the passage, read it aloud, and explained its meaning. The student read out and explained the passage after him. Then the student returned to his seat and read the assignment aloud again and again until he could recite it from memory. Hung, with his near-photographic memory, had no problem with this form of instruction. Other students ran the risk of having the teacher's pipe landing on top of their skulls. More serious offenses received heavier

punishments.

For beginners, the text was a primer called *San-tzu chang* ("Three Word Classic") by a thirteenth-century Confucianist. The text starts with the statement, *Jen chih ch'u, hsing pen shan* ("At a man's beginning, his nature was originally good") — an assertion diametrically opposed to the doctrine of original sin that Hung would struggle with later in his life. Hung's second primer was *Po-chia-hsing* ("Hundred Family-Names"), a compilation which had no logical connections among the names it contained. It began with Chao, Ch'ien, Sun, Li, because the four characters represented the four leading families under the Sung Dynasty (960-1278 A.D.) It was very hard to memorize. The third book that was taught was more interesting to Hung. It was the *Ch'ien-tzu-wen* ("The Thousand Character Text") in which a thousand different characters were grouped into two hundred and fifty lines containing descriptions of natural phenomena, formulations of moral precepts, allusions to historical events, and statements of literary principles. In calligraphy, Hung graduated from tracing red prints to copying rubbings of famous writers. In mathematics, he learned to perform square and cubic root calculations on an abacus, using his thumb and four fingers all at once.

As Hung grew, he began naturally to lose his baby teeth, and the itinerant dentist had to be called in. This august personage wore a string of teeth like a Hawaiian lei around his neck. On his back he carried a box of medicine. Having smeared painkiller on the affected tooth, he would tie a piece of a silk string around it and fasten the other end of the string to a door handle. With a slap on the patient's shoulder, the dentist would simultaneously kick the door shut — and the tooth would come out. For a while this man's business was seriously threatened by a Japanese dentist who hung out his shingle. He claimed to fix a decayed tooth with a gold crown and to replace missing teeth with gold ones. For a time it was a status-symbol for young men about town to sport gold front teeth, until it became known that thugs waylaid such people on quiet corners at night, pried their mouths open, and pulled the gold teeth out.

After Hung's plump and good-natured Aunt Lin was married, one of the buildings in the Lin complex was rented out. The tenant had a daughter of just about the same age as Hung. They were allowed to play together. The girl had a dollhouse full of little beds, little tables, little chests, even a family of little people with sets of little clothes which the girl washed and folded away neatly in the little chests of drawers. Hung was struck with wonder and admiration for his playmate. He told Grandmother Lin that, when he grew up, he wanted this girl to be his wife. Grandmother Lin was greatly amused by her grandson, who even at this tender age placed orderliness above all other qualities in his choice of a wife. She told him, however, that he already had a fiancee in May-may Lien and that she was just as good as his playmate.

As he grew older, the maids would tease him about the Lien girl. They would taunt him by saying, "Look at him — so young, and already has answers for everything. Just wait till the Lien girl does her job on him. We heard she's got a clever mouth, too!"

"Oh no," Hung would come right back at them, "you don't know anything about the Lien girl. I am sure I can take care of her!"

Early Years In Shantung

IN 1902, when Hung was eight years old, the strong-willed woman who was his paternal grandmother died. His father hurried home from Shantung to observe the customary three years of mourning. Then, still a "magistrate in reserve," he took his wife, four sons and daughter, along with his nephew, a cook, and a tutor for his children, back with him to Shantung. They went partly by land and partly by water. It was another three years before Hung's father landed a position as a magistrate. Before that, he was given various temporary assignments — as an examiner at one point, as special investigator of a murder case in another. One of the choice jobs involved overseeing the transport of taxes to Peking. The trip, potentially dangerous, paid well. The taxes, in the form of silver ingots, were placed in a tree trunk which had been split lengthwise and hollowed out like a canoe and then tied back together with wires and sealed with paper. Bodyguards from a private security firm escorted the convoy, armed with heavy iron nails, called *piao*, which were used to hurl at antagonists. Led by a red banner on which the name of the security firm was displayed prominently, the party stopped in towns and cities where they were entertained by local officials and sent on their way with the customary gifts.

During their first years in Shantung, Hung and his brothers continued their education under their Foochownese tutor, Master Hsieh. Sometimes joined by their sister, they recited in one room while Master Hsieh, in an adjoining room, would call them in one by one to give them the lesson of the day. Each of them was responsible for a lesson a day and a composition a day. At this point in his life, Hung's great passion was for vernacular novels which he surreptitiously rented from stores. Since these novels were not considered healthy reading-matter for youngsters, Hung had to read them under his blanket in bed or during these recitation periods while his lips went on making

the proper sounds. Every time his recitation went haywire, a threatening noise would issue from Master Hsieh's room, bringing Hung back to the reality at hand.

"My taste ran chiefly to the novels with a lot of fighting in them," he said later. "There was *Journey to The West, The Battle of the Gods, The Seven Knight-Errants and The Five Righteous, The Seven Swordsmen and The Thirteen Knight-Errants,* and *The Water Margin.* At the time, I didn't understand the episodes in *The Water Margin* that deal with sex. It was not until many years later that I could appreciate *The Red Chamber.* Later, I also read *Strange Stories From a Studio*, which was not in the vernacular. I found the elegant classical language of this book a great help in developing my literary style. My favorite stories, though, were those about Monkey in *Journey to The West.* One evening I found myself sobbing when I came to the part where Monkey was captured by goblins and he cried at having been unfaithful to the Master."

The happiest time of day was after dinner, when the children gathered around their father to listen to him telling stories. Many of these stories ended in doggerel which remained in Hung's memory. There were, for instance, two humorous stories about the eunuchs who surrounded the first emperor of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644 A.D.) and how they vied with each other in the composition of poems. It was said that, one day, snow began to fall, and the emperor remarked casually, "A flake here, a flake there, yet another flake!" Upon which one of the eunuchs was prompted to rhapsodize, "Two flakes here, three flakes there, yet four or five flakes!" And another went on idiotically, "Six flakes here, seven flakes there, yet eight or nine flakes!" Liu Po-wen, the brilliant minister, could hardly stand it any longer. He cried, "Stop, stop! Let me finish it for you." And he said, "In floats a white plum blossom, vanishing in the snow." At another time, when it snowed again, the emperor saw a white dog lying on the ground with snow falling on it. He remarked, "The white dog has suddenly grown in size." A eunuch, eager to score a point, intoned enthusiastically, "A black dog would have turned white." Whereupon the emperor turned to Liu Po-wen and said, "What do you say to that?" And Liu Po-wen responded: "The good mountains and rivers of the Ming Dynasty, stretching ten thousand miles, all in one hue."

Hung's father also liked to tell stories about his teacher, Mr. Ch'en who, even during his lifetime, was legendary for his scholarship and sense of justice. It was said that when the Min River overflowed into the city of Foochow one

year, the Governor-General's groom ran home to rescue his wife and children, as a result of which the horses in the Governor-General's stable were left unattended and drowned. The groom was put in jail and was about to be executed. The groom's wife went to consult Mr Ch'en, who wrote a poem for her and taught her what to do. The following morning, when the Governor-General came out of the *yamen*, and runners were clearing the way for him, the woman threw herself in the middle of the road, crying, "Grievance! Grievance!" According to accepted custom, the Governor-General stopped his sedan chair and let her speak.

"My husband was your groom," she said. "He was negligent in taking care of your horses because he was trying to save me and the children. Now he's in jail and it's rumored you might kill him!"

"That's right," said the Governor-General.

"I have asked a learned man to write you an appeal," she said, handing him Mr Ch'en's poem. "I beg you to read it."

The poem read:

The former year when the stable of Tung-lu was burned,
The Great Sage was concerned only if anybody's hurt.
Now the flood overflowed the Southern Gate,
Great Man, what heart have you to ask about horses?

Upon reading it, the Governor-General told the woman to go home and he released the groom.

Hung's father smoked a water-pipe and drank only on social occasions. His sole indulgence was playing an elegant, complicated game called *shih chung* ("Poetic Bell"). His friends liked to play this game at the Hung residence because they liked the Foochownese cook, whose specialty was golden fried oysters, and because they were fond of young Hung. He was responsible for preparing the game and keeping time. After lunch on the day they came to play, he would put out on the table an inkslab, writing brushes, paper, etc., and paste on a wall seven pieces of paper inscribed with a word that had an oblique tone, and on the opposite wall seven pieces of paper inscribed with a word that had an even tone. The papers were carefully folded with their tips glued together so that the words were not visible. Around three or four o'clock in the afternoon, the guests would start arriving, each of them bringing a small bag of copper coins. Usually there were a dozen players. On rainy days there were fewer. At the beginning of the game, young Hung would ask one of the players to pick a paper on the wall. He would then peel open the chosen paper and reveal the word inscribed on it. Then another player would point to a paper on the opposite wall and a word with the opposite tone would be revealed. If the first word was *t'ien* ("sky") and the second word *ma* ("horse"), the players would have to write two-line poems in which the first words of either line were either *t'ien* or *ma*. A fast player might be able to complete several such couplets within the alloted time of twenty minutes. Everyone had to stop when Hung rang the bell. He then went around the table to collect the poems into a little wicker basket and redistributed them. Each player, glancing through the poems in his hand, would put aside those he thought were below par and copy down those he considered good. He might award one

copper coin to one poem, three to another — the best poems were awarded seven. Then he handed the pile of poems on to the person sitting next to him so that they could be judged by him too. Poems written by the player himself would naturally be passed on discreetly. Once young Hung, as timekeeper, rang the bell signalling the end of the judging, the fun began. Players would take turns reading aloud the poems they had copied, counting out coins due the writer of them as they did so. The honored writer would stand up and bow with a big grin on his face and run to collect his money. There would be general merriment as smiles and words of congratulations rained on the writer. With seven rounds of this game, all the papers on the walls would have been peeled open, and the game was over. The table would be cleared for dinner amidst animated discussion of some of the more clever lines of the afternoon.

Once, young Hung himself composed a couplet. It turned out to be one of the best-liked of the afternoon. "Aiyo!" Hung cried gleefully as he ran around the table to collect his money. The players were astounded. His father scolded him. But his friends were really pleased. Not only was his a reasonably good poem, but in it were artfully hidden the compliments of a boy to an older generation of men.

Among the friends of his father was one Yao Nan-ch'uan, who was not a frequenter of the poetry meetings. He was richer, higher up in the official hierarchy, busier than the others. He rode a sedan chair covered in blue and carried by a team of four coolies. Yao Nan-ch'uan was a noted medical practitioner. Once, when Hung's brother Tuan ran a very high fever and none of his mother's remedies worked, it was decided to send for Uncle Yao. He came and took the pulse of the patient, looked at his eyes, nose, and tongue, and wrote down a prescription. The prescription called for herbs to be boiled in water. Upon drinking the medicine, however, Tuan lost consciousness and began to froth at the mouth. Hung's mother was certain the prescription was wrong. Hung's father insisted his friend Yao Nan-ch'uan could not have made a mistake. So they forced open the poor boy's mouth with a pair of chopsticks and poured the medicine down, whereupon the boy went into a convulsion. The mother cried and the rest of the family crowded helplessly around. It was past midnight when they heard a banging at the gate. Hung took a lantern to the gate and found a sedan chair being carried by four porters. As soon as Uncle Yao stepped into the door, he asked, "How is the boy?" Upon being told, Uncle Yao exclaimed. "Thank heaven he's still alive!" He asked Hung to bring the prescription he had written the day before. Uncle Yao took one look at it and shook his head. "Your ancestors must have accumulated many good deeds," he said. "I thought I'd killed the child."

He ordered Hung to make some ink on the inkslab, then calmly smoothed out the prescription, which by now was all crumpled up, and at the end of it wrote: "Add one jujube date."

It was dawn before Uncle Yao departed, saying, "If this doesn't work, I should stop the practice of medicine altogether."

But Tuan recovered rapidly on the revised prescription, and the family thenceforth revered Uncle Yao Nan-ch'uan as a living Buddha.

One would never think of paying a family friend like Uncle Yao for his services. Instead, one showed one's gratitude by sending presents on the New Year. Toward the end of the year, they would receive boxes and baskets of goodies from Grandfather Lin: dried lichee nuts, dried longan, dried plum, a variety of candies and, of course, crates of tea leaves. Hung's mother would divide them into large portions for friends. Hung's father, to whom material things had always come hard, would feel his wife was overly generous and take a bit out of each portion and save it for the children. Hung's mother insisted on his putting it back. So that was the way it went for days, one taking out and the other one putting back. Friends like Uncle Yao, who knew the Hungs were poor, would send "return presents" — gold ingots, for instance, sometimes enough of them for the Hung family to live on for several months.

By the time Hung was ten or eleven, he had begun to realize his life when he grew up would be very different from that of his father. Changes, and rumors of changes, were coming to China. They had no newspaper except for *The Peking Gazette*, which consisted mainly of court news and official documents. Missionaries in Shanghai published a newspaper, but it never reached people like the Hungs. After the family moved to Shantung, Hung's mother could at times obtain copies of the contraband *Hsin-min ts'ung pao* published in Japan by the reformer Liang Ch'i-ch'ao, who had a price on his head. In its pages they learned of the One Hundred Days of Reform of 1898, in which the young prince Kuang-hsu was persuaded by Liang Ch'i-ch'ao and another reformer K'ang Yu-wei to proclaim a broad program of modernization. For this the Empress Dowager revoked all the prince's decrees and placed him under house arrest. Hung's mother was an outspoken and ardent admirer of Liang Ch'i-ch'ao. She said if she were a man, she'd go to work for him. Even the Empress Dowager could not stop the wheels of history.

In 1905, when Hung was twelve, the Court decided to abolish the venerable civil service examination system which had shaped, screened, and selected officials for the Chinese government for the past one and a half millenia. It was an unthinkable act. Yet there it was. New schools were established to teach new subjects — to provide new orientation to a new generation of Chinese to serve their country in new ways. This generation was Hung's.

WILLIAM HUNG received a traditional Confucian education at home to prepare him for government service. But when the civil service examination system was abolished, in 1905, he enrolled in a modern school in Shantung which had an international curriculum. Here, among other subjects, he began to study English with a Chinese teacher who had learned the language from a Japanese who in turn had learned it from a German.

Like other Chinese of his generation, Hung wanted to help save China from the twin evils of foreign encroachment and internal corruption. He set out for Shanghai to sit for an examination that would qualify him for naval service, but his ship encountered a storm and he failed to reach Shanghai in time. On the advice of the editor of the Shanghai Commercial Press, a friend of his father's, he decided not to wait for the next examination but to begin a career in international diplomacy instead. As preparation for this, he returned to Foochow in 1910 and enrolled in the Anglo-Chinese College — a missionary school run by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Church.

Deeply committed to Confucian traditions, Hung was at first strongly opposed to Christianity, but in the new school he eventually became a Christian. He also distinguished himself academically. In 1913, when Hung was a senior, an American Methodist layman, Hanford Crawford, was on a trip around the world with his wife and daughter. They were especially interested in Methodist missionary institutions. Dr Goudy, the president of Anglo-Chinese College, told Mr Crawford he had a brilliant student who he wished might have an American education. He invited the Crawfords to visit a class in which Hung was called upon to answer questions in English. The Crawfords were impressed. Subsequently Hung was invited to become a member of the Crawford family in St. Louis, and Ruth Crawford became his American sister. Arrangements were made for him to attend Ohio Wesleyan University, of which Mr Crawford was a Trustee. He graduated magna cum laude *in 1917. He proceeded to New York, where he simultaneously attended Columbia University, receiving his M.A. in 1919, and Union Theological Seminary, receiving an S.T.B. in 1920.*

Upon graduation, Hung was recruited by Harry W. Luce, father of publisher Henry R. Luce, to go on a lecture-tour of the U.S. to raise money for Yenching University in Peking. Returning to China in 1923 with his wife Rhoda, whom he had married in New York, he assisted John Leighton Stuart in raising Yenching from the status of a small missionary college to that of an international university, relocating it outside Peking on a new site which today is the campus of Peking University.

Hung joined the Yenching faculty as a member of the Department of History, where he taught from 1923 to 1946. He served concurrently as Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences from 1924-to 1927. He played a crucial role in the college's formation and in the foundation of a modern Chinese curriculum which had a major impact on education in China and on the study of Chinese history, literature, thought and language. As chairman of the University Library, he was also charged with building up a collection of books for the new curriculum.

Hung played an important role in Harvard-Yenching Institute, which came into being in 1928. He went to Harvard that year, along with five other

Standing sixth from left in second row, William Hung posed with classmates when graduating in 1915 from Anglo-Chinese College in hometown of Foochow.

Chinese studio portrait in 1920's shows Hung, wife, and two oldest girls.

internationally renowned Sinologists, to help strengthen Harvard's offerings in East Asian studies and to teach both undergraduate and graduate courses. In 1930, he was called back to China to become Professor of History and Director of Yenching University's Graduate Institute of Letters.

The following decade was Hung's most productive. From 1930 to 1940 he published forty-one separate contributions to scholarship, the most important of which were volumes in the Harvard-Yenching Institute Sinological Index Series, *of which he was the editor-in-chief. These revolutionized Sinological scholarship by providing easy access to classical allusions for those who lacked a classical Chinese education. In recognition of Hung's contribution to world Sinology, the French Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres awarded him its Stanislas Julien Prize in 1937. In 1940, Ohio Wesleyan University, which had awarded him a D.D. in 1933, conferred on him an honorary LL.D.*

Old Ties and New Friends

IN 1930, Hung returned to a Yenching University much changed during his absence of two years at Harvard. First of all, it had moved from the makeshift, unheated classrooms and offices in the walled city of Peking (now called "Peiping") into its magnificent new campus in the suburbs. Furthermore, it had been reorganized to conform to the regulations of the newly-established Nationalist government in Nanking.

Soon after Hung returned to Yenching, he became engaged in the last of his many conflicts with Timothy T'ing-fang Lew, whom he had met in the United States in 1916 and with whom he had become a fast friend. On going back to Yenching in 1928, Lew had been asked to be executive secretary of the Harvard-Yenching Institute in China. Lew thereupon proceeded to organize at Yenching a Research School of Chinese Studies patterned after those of Tsinghua and Peking University. Hung had always been opposed to the idea

of such an institution. He felt strongly that Chinese studies should be an integral part of the college and graduate school, not isolated as a separate entity. He believed, moreover, that Chinese studies should be performed by people with modern training who knew something of the world outside China. When one of Hung's prize students, Nieh Ch'ung-ch'i, wrote to Hung in Cambridge and asked if he should apply for admission to the new Research School, Hung encouraged him. When Nieh was refused admission, Hung was furious. As soon as he returned to Yenching, he took Nieh on as an editor of the Index Series and set himself to dismantle the Research School.

Despite these difficulties, Hung remained a close personal friend of John Leighton Stuart. They would go on hikes together to the Western Hills and, on their way back, stop at Wen-ch'uan ("Warm Spring") and rent a private room which had a pool in it filled with about two feet of sulphur water. Soaking, as they sat face to face, they would rub their backs against the cement wall. Soon Hung would take out his pipe and Stuart a cigarette, and they would be into long hours of sharing with each other their observations of people and events.

As chairman of the Yenching Library Committee, Hung was responsible for acquisitions not only for Yenching but for much of the oriental collection at Harvard. He brought the Harvard librarian, Ch'iu K'ai-ming, to Yenching to reorganize the library. He laid down the policy that for every Chinese, Japanese, or Korean book bought for Yenching a copy should also be bought for Harvard. If it was a rare book or manuscript, he usually had it sent to Harvard on the grounds that Harvard could better afford it, but not before he had a facsimile made for Yenching. Books not on the market he borrowed and had facsimiles made of them for both Yenching and Harvard. Hung, however, did not see himself as a bibliophile, a lover of rare or beautiful books. If cheap reprints of a book were available, he favored the reprints over the original, the better to stretch the library's dollars.

As many of Hung's earlier friends became powerful members of the Nationalist government, he moved away from them. On one of his trips to Nanking, he was told by a mutual friend that H.H. Kung, Minister of Finance and brother-in-law of Chiang Kai-shek, wished he would go to see him sometime. "He should be thankful I don't go to see him," Hung said. "There must be a roomful of people in his outer office waiting to see him every day. If I went, he would feel obliged as an old friend to see me first. This would give rise to many disagreeable situations both for him and for me. People thinking I had great influence with a man in his position would press me to give him messages, help them get jobs, do this or that. I would be pressured to comply with their requests even though I know full well requests of that sort are the last things he needs."

Hung became deeply attached to a man who in mentality was a lot like his father, a man who obstinately refused to take root in the twentieth century. He was Teng Chih-ch'eng (Wen-ju), who kept a concubine and was reputed to smoke opium, but was an historian of astounding erudition and phenomenal memory. He could name the day, the month, and the year of any major political event, and could recall at will the page number of any quotation from almost any standard classical text. He taught for many years at Peking Univer-

sity before he, like several other professors who were not paid their salaries because of the University's financial difficulties, moved on to Yenching University in the late 1920's. Teng Chih-ch'eng looked down his nose at anyone who went abroad to study, saving his strongest invectives for Hu Shih, a U.S.-trained scholar who was later appointed Ambassador to the United States. "Hey, now there is back from America this fellow called Hu Shih. Do you know him?" he would ask his students. Then he would shake his head and sigh and say, "He is hopeless. Hopeless!" Nevertheless, he made an exception of Hung and his education in the U.S.

Every Friday morning, Teng would arrive in a rickshaw at the Hungs' in his long gown and with his cane. Being a gentleman of the old school, he never deigned to walk down the street even though he lived only five minutes away. He stayed for lunch with the Hungs and remained with them until dinnertime, leaving behind an ashtray full of smelly French cigarette stubs. Hung's eldest daughter Ruth disliked Teng so much that she hid a broom with the handle down behind the door when he came — a superstititious trick that was supposed to get a guest out of the house. It did not work. But Hung imbibed a tremendous amount of history and art from his conversations with this dour old man, and Teng, in turn, obviously delighted in Hung's company.

Hung designed his own house on the Yenching campus at 54 South Compound. There was a direct entrance to his study for students seeking his advice. The living room and dining room were separated by movable partitions that made it possible for the rooms to be made into one for sit-down banquets of forty-five or fifty people. Outside in the garden was a pavilion at the entrance of which Hung planted a couple of wistaria trees. In May, when the wistarias were in full bloom, Hung and Teng would invite some elderly men from Peking who were well versed in the art of making poetry to celebrate the coming of spring with games, wine, and rhymed couplets as their fathers had done before them.

The Hungs employed a woman with bound feet, called Mama Yang, to take care of their youngest daughter, Agnes. This woman, having had no previous experience with a telephone, would call downstairs whenever the phone rang, "Stop ringing, stop ringing! I'm coming!" The simple, rustic woman and the precocious child kept the family laughing. Once, when Agnes was crying very hard, Mama Yang asked her why. Through her tears the child answered, "Come cuddle me and see if I stop!" Another time, when Agnes was about three, she was playing with two other children. All of a sudden she started to beat them. Mama Yang scolded her: "What made you do that? They weren't bothering you!" "They were plotting together to knock me down," Agnes said. "I didn't hear them say anything of the sort," Mama Yang said. "You don't understand," Agnes said. "They spoke in English!"

One evening in the fall of 1931, when Hung was working late in his study, someone rapped on the window. Hung looked up and saw a face pressed against the window pane. After getting over his fright, he recognized the features of Chang Wen-li, and let him in. Hung had taken Chang to Harvard at his own expense so that Chang could realize his dream of studying there with Professor Thomas N. Carver. After a year there, Carver, who regarded Chang as the brightest student he had ever taught, recommended him to the

U.S. Department of Agriculture. He was to be a consultant-specialist traveling all over America collecting agricultural specimens and comparing farming methods. Hung had last seen him the summer before, when he was going to Europe to study the manuscript of *Das Kapital* in the British Museum and then go on to study farm cooperatives in Denmark. Hung had not heard from him since. Now Hung learned Chang had been in the Soviet Union. A Russian agent had contacted him and invited him to the U.S.S.R. to help in the cultivation of cotton, which he had studied in the South. Chang had accepted the invitation and, paid handsomely and accompanied by an interpreter, travelled in Russia, testing soil. After conditions appropriate for cotton-growing were found in the Ukraine, he had been put in charge of organizing cotton plantations there. As soon as it became clear that the plantations were successful, the Russians sent him a beautiful woman to teach him Russian. He realized the Soviet Government wanted to keep him there. So, on a trip to Siberia, he had quietly slipped away. Hiding during the daytime and walking at night, he had made his way to Manchuria. By the time he reached Hung's he had sold all his possessions and used up all his money.

After supplying Chang with a bath, clean clothes, and a hearty meal, Hung asked what Chang planned to do now. Chang said his conviction was that China needed a rural revolution. To clarify his thoughts as to just what the basis of such a revolution should be, he wanted to stay a while in Peking, although he intended eventually to go back to his native Fukien. He stayed with the Hungs for four months during which he worked out a paper entitled *Sheng-ch'an-chu-i* ("Productionism"), summing up in a set of political, economic, and educational principles what he felt would turn a chaotic China into a powerful state. Drawing on such sources as Lenin, Stamboulisky, Lincoln, Mencius, and Christ, he prescribed an authoritarian, socialist government based not on the maxims of Marx but on humanitarianism. With some revisions by Hung, it was printed in the form of an anonymous pamphlet for private circulation. It was suggested by some who read it that its presentation was too dry and that to be more accessible to more people it ought to be worked into an Utopian novel. Hung jokingly replied that if he were ever stranded in a desert, away from people and books, he might attempt just that. (Later, when he was confined to prison by the Japanese for five months, the composition of such a novel kept him busy and sane.) In the meantime, Chang Wen-li went south to pit his ideas against a harsh political environment.

China's largely self-sufficient economy was barely affected by the Depression of the 1930's. For Hung it had consequences, some belt-tightening at the Harvard-Yenching Institute and a cut in the budget of the Sinological Index Series, of which the chief one, however, was his friend Raymond Thornberg's coming to China. Hung received a telegram from Thornberg, who was known as "Pinkie," saying he was planning to visit China in the summer of 1933 and could Hung arrange a program for him. He thereupon showed up, unannounced, in April. He said all his businesses had come to a standstill, that most of the stocks he owned were worthless, and that he was being sued by various associates for twenty million dollars. His lawyer had advised him to take a trip somewhere and stay out of the U.S. for six months.

With two more months of school to go, Hung was in a quandary. What could he do with this restless, vigorous man until he was free to act as travel guide for him? He had the bright idea that during those two months Pinkie should make himself an expert on Chinese porcelains and start a collection. Pinkie, enthusiastic, poured over English, French, and German books on the subject and made a decision to specialize in crackleware — pottery with fine cracks produced by premature cooling of which the aesthetic value was then not fully appreciated. Mrs Hung took Pinkie around to the antique dealers. He, knowing all the tricks of making a good deal, did not need her. His corpulent, genial person, the very image of a Buddha, made him a favorite among the Chinese merchants. He also had a repertoire of amusing antics. One day a beggar woman kept thrusting her basket into the face of this amiable-looking foreigner. He politely said no. When she persisted, Pinkie behaved as though it were impossible any longer for him to decline and took a copper coin out of her basket with profuse thanks. Transferring the skills of American corporate boardrooms to the marketplace of Peking, Pinkie assembled a fine collection of crackleware for less than two thousand dollars.

With the coming of summer, Hung and Pinkie and seven students embarked on a trip to Shansi, Shensi, Honan, and Shantung. Carrying their bedding with them, and staying in old-style inns and in barns, they found inland China virtually unchanged from what it must have been a hundred years earlier. Brides were still carried to their future homes in covered, red sedan chairs, though the placard on the chair that used to proclaim the groom to be an imperial degree-holder now announced him as a graduate of a county primary school.

One evening in Shansi, they arrived in a village where, even though the sky was still light, everyone had gone to bed. However, when word got around that their party was from Peking and included a distinguished professor and an American, the villagers got up and surrounded them with torches. When they asked for food, the villagers told them there was nothing to be had.

"Do you have eggs?" Hung asked.

"Eggs? Of course we have eggs," the villagers said. "Do *you people* eat eggs?"

Hung gave them a one-yuan bill, which in Peking would have fetched about one hundred and twenty eggs. In a few minutes, a basket of eggs was carried in and placed politely in front of Hung. There were four hundred eggs in it.

As Hung and his party ate the eggs, the villagers gathered around. They were very curious about the world outside. One asked Hung if Americans were so much fairer in complexion than Chinese because they drank milk while the

Chinese drank tea. Asked for a newspaper, another produced several — some in English, others in French, all several years old.

Their first destination was the city of Taiku in Shansi. Before reaching Taiku, they passed through the *Pai-wan ts-un* ("Millionaires' Village"), an impressive collection of residences with high walls belonging to old-style Shansi bankers who had dominated private banking in China since the Ming Dynasty until western-style banks drove them out of business. Most of the residences were in sad disrepair. At a street vendor's stall, Hung picked up a Yuan edition of a book on chess. In the city of Taiku itself, he came upon a plaque dating from before the Opium War (1839-1842) which commemorated an oath taken by all heads of households in the village never to smoke opium or to permit their children to do so. According to the plaque, the oath was led by Ch-en Lu-ho, the magistrate of Taiku. Hung recognized his name as that of a man who had published the works of the scholar Ts'ui Shu after the latter's death. Other writings of Ts'ui Shu having come into Hung's possession, which he was just in the process of publishing, he felt as if he had run into a longtime friend.

When they arrived in the capital city of Taiyuan, the party paid a call on Governor Yen Hsi-shan to request assistance with their transportation. They walked through half a dozen courtyards, each heavily guarded by soldiers with machine-guns, before reaching the gubernatorial residence. There, Governor Yen gave them a lavish banquet. He took a great liking to Pinkie and had his secretary draw up a document proclaiming Pinkie to be his "honorary consultant."

This idyllic summer trip took place against a background of war and rumors of more fighting. In the south, the Nationalist government had hardly subdued the warlords when it began its life-or-death struggle with the Communists. In the north, the Japanese were busily grabbing as much of China as they could before a strong central government could emerge. By 1931, the Japanese had control over Manchuria and were inching their way toward Peking. In 1935, the Nationalist government, to buy time for itself, concluded a secret agreement with the Japanese to withdraw its army from North China and leave the area to be governed by the Hopei-Chahar Political Affairs Council. When the agreement became known, the students of Peking — especially those from Tsinghua and Yenching — were stirred into action. The idea that the Nationalist government should continue to fight the Chinese Communists but not the Japanese was anathema to them. Big demonstrations were made by the students. Hung was simply glad that at this point he had nothing to do with University administration. He felt sorry for his friend Lu Chih-wei, who, as Acting Chancellor of Yenching, did. A brilliant man with a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago, Lu was much respected for his outspokenness. Hung described him as "a man who — to use an old Chinese phrase — 'detested evil as if it were his personal enemy.' Whenever Lu encountered something he thought was wrong, he wanted to root it out right away. There was no room for compromise. A man like that takes an awful lot on himself. It explains why Lu was so attracted to Communist ideology. It also explains why he suffered so much under the Communists."

During the December Ninth Movement in protest against the govern-

ment's policy toward Japan, the mastermind at Yenching was Ch'en Chieh. He was the grandson of the Emperor's tutor, and was known among the students as "Chen the Fat" or "Chen the Decadent" because he wore nothing but silk and rode a private rickshaw about the campus. But he was also a known Communist. On December 8, when they were organizing the demonstration, Ch'en went to Lu to request use of University buses the next day. Lu told him the buses were American property and that, since the United States was a neutral country, he could not authorize their use for political purposes. Later in the day, at a general meeting of students, Huang Ju-mei — who later changed his name to Huang Hua and is now the Foreign Minister of the People's Republic of China — declared Lu was a traitor and ought to be killed. When news of this reached Lu, he said, "Let them kill me. This will be an honorable way to die." But his wife Mary called Hung on the telephone and, in tears, asked his advice. Hung sent for Ch'en Chieh, who said, "Tell Lu not to worry. We just wanted to scare him a bit."

A strike ensued at Yenching and Tsinghua which lasted for two months. Sung Che-yuan, the Chairman of the Hopei Chahar Political Affairs Council, felt he had to do something about it. Since he did not want to take on the Americans, he did not touch Yenching. But he sent three thousand soldiers to Tsinghua to arrest the Communists. None were arrested. Instead, a dean was hit in the face. Sung Che-yuan, an old-style military man who was vain of his good name, was stung by the disapproval of the academic community at this. So one afternoon he paid a call — in a blue cotton gown — on Hung. The first sentence he uttered was, "Mr Hung, you are wise in these matters. Look at me. Do I look like a traitor?"

"How could you be a traitor?" Hung said. "What your soldiers did at Tsinghua was not right, but no one knows their names, so people denounce you instead. I know you are a patriotic man."

"How do you know?" Sung said.

"It's plain to see. You have no alternative to your present course of action. If you don't do it, they could easily find some traitor to do it."

"I never thought I would find such an understanding friend in you," Sung sighed.

The Chairman stayed and talked for a while. When he left, Hung realized the street was lined with policemen.

Around this time, Hung's brother Arnold, who had been teaching high school in Foochow, died of food poisoning, and Hung felt the need of being closer to his two surviving brothers — Fred, who had been teaching at Tsinghua ever since his return from France, and David, who had been serving as a government engineer in Nanking. Hung persuaded him to take a leave of absence and teach for half a year at Tsinghua too. Those months in which the three brothers were together again were some of the happiest of Hung's life.

On December 12, 1936, Chang Hsueh-liang, son of the warlord whom the Japanese had assassinated in 1928, took Chiang Kai-shek hostage and demanded that he unite with the Communists to fight Japanese aggression. That day, Hung and his brother David had been hunting for rare inkslabs, of which Hung was forming a collection to be distributed among his students

when he retired, in the tradition of mendicant monks who pass their begging bowls on to their disciples. David was holding a newly acquired inkslab up to the light, when the phone rang, and Hung, answering, said, "What? Chiang Kai-shek taken hostage? How could Chang Hsueh-liang do such a thing?"

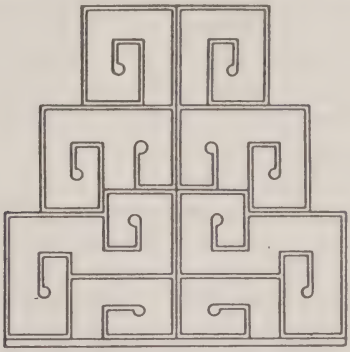
David, catching the conversation, let the inkslab drop from his hand. It broke into two pieces on the floor.

The next day, they had the pieces glued together, but a fissure remained, irreparable.

David wanted to throw away the inkslab.

Hung stopped him, saying they should keep the inkslab as a memento of the occasion.

They went to an engraver and had him etch on the back of the inkslab three characters, *Ching-tuo-yen* ("The Shock-fallen Inkslab"), along with the date, and an explanation of the event which led to the name.



During the Thirties

FOLLOWING his return to China in 1930, Hung embarked on a decade of prodigious scholarly activity. A partial list of his publications lists forty-one publications during this period, most in Chinese, a few in English. The Harvard-Yenching Institute Sinological Index Series, which he conceived, developed, and supervised, is regarded as the most important reference produced in the first half of the century in the study of traditional Chinese civilization. In this series, totaling seventy-seven volumes, Hung and his small staff set themselves to a systematic evaluation of the most important books ever written in China, to the establishment of any textual variants of these books, and to providing them with indices or concordances. It is no exaggeration to say the Series revolutionized scholarship in China. Vagueness about Chinese historical figures, institutions, documents, and so forth, was no longer acceptable, since the means of being specific was there. With crossreferencing made convenient, the meanings of words as well as dates and places of events could be easily established, clearing the air of much pedantic obfuscation. Many a cherished misconception of Chinese history, philosophy, religion, literature, and science tumbled down, and new criteria were set for "historical truths," or facts.

Included in the Sinological Index Series, for instance, were indices and concordances to eleven of the thirteen Confucian classics. Also included was an index to the Buddhist Canon, as well as one to the Taoist Canon, and concordances to the works of three pre-Han philosophers: Chuang-Tzu, Mo-tzu, and Hsun-tzu. Since pre-modern Chinese writings were not punctuated (which naturally made them extremely difficult to read), many of these indices or concordances had to be supplemented with newly punctuated texts.

The Chinese have a peculiar institution — the compilation of dynastic histories. Each new government feels obliged to write for posterity an official history of the previous dynasty. These undertakings often employed hundreds of historians, the finished products running into dozens of volumes. Together, these histories are known as "The Twenty-four Dynastic Histories," or, more accurately, "The Twenty-four Standard Histories," since some of them really span several regimes. (A draft of the Twenty-fifth History, that of the Ch'ing Dynasty, has been completed, and the Peking government is presently assembling a team to write the history of the Republic of China.) To provide scholars with easy access to this wealth of historical information, Hung and his staff prepared indices to the first four of the Standard Histories, indices to the economic sections of fifteen more, indices to the bibliographies to be found in all of them. Indices were compiled to scores of separate collections of biographies from the Sung, Liao, Chin, Yuan, Ming, and Ch'ing periods, to the names of authors, calligraphers, and painters, as well as to the genealogical tables of the families of chief ministers. With these indices, a scholar can pinpoint the course of almost any important Chinese quotation, locate biographical information about almost any historical figure, trace the development of economic institutions through the centuries.

Hung attributed much of the success of the Series to the help of two former students, Nieh Ch'ung-chi, a fastidious scholar and strict Confucian with a ministerial bearing, whose views were universally respected on the rare occasions when he expressed them, and Li Shu-ch'un, who for the purpose of producing the Series in the best and most modern way apprenticed himself in the printing trade for a full year. A system was worked out whereby information on index cards could be transferred directly into print, without going through a manuscript stage and thus eliminating many chances for error. The budget for the project was set initially at US$6,000 per year, which enabled Hung to engage four editors and six clerks. After two years, due to the Depression in the U.S. and consequent reduction of Harvard-Yenching Institute resources, it was cut to $4,000. The staff was occasionally supplemented by the voluntary labor of Hung's students, who knew that working on the Series was good training.

Hung was constantly on the lookout for students he might train for historical research. He wanted students capable of clear, logical thinking who possessed the independence of spirit to do original, intellectual exploration. They learned from him how to grasp the essence of a historical problem, how not to be confused by details, how to make, test, and discard hypotheses, how to present their findings persuasively. He encouraged them to become fluent in foreign languages and assisted them in getting additional training abroad. His

intention was no less than to raise a new breed of Chinese historians whose purview encompassed the whole world.

Among the students he trained were:

Chang Chih-lien (Zhang Zhilian)	Peking University
Chang T'ien-tse	University of Hawaii
Ch'en Kuang-sheng (Kenneth Chen)	University of California in Los Angeles
Cheng Te-k'un	Hong Kong Chinese University
Ch'i Ssu-ho (Qi Sihe)	Peking University
Chou Yi-liang (Zhou Yiliang)	Peking University
Ch'ü T'ung-tsu (Qu Tongzu)	Central Academy for Social Sciences, Peking
Chu Shih-chia (Zhu Shikia)	Peking Normal University
Fang Chao-ying	Columbia University
Feng Chia-sheng (Feng Joasheng)	Central Academy for Social Sciences, Peking
Hou Jen-chih (Hou Renzhi)	Peking University
Liu Tzu-chien (James Liu)	Princeton University
Nieh Ch'ung-ch'i (Nie Chongqi)	Peking University
Teng Ssu-yü	Indiana University
Tu Lien-chieh	Columbia University
Wang Chung-han (Wang Zhonghan)	University of the Nationalities, Peking
Wang I-t'ung (Yi-t'ung Wang)	University of Pittsburgh
Weng Tu-chien (Weng Dujian)	University of the Nationalities, Peking
Yu Hsieh-chung	New Asia University, Hong Kong

Though these men are among the foremost Chinese historians of our time, Hung was especially gratified by the manner in which he got Weng Tu-chien to Harvard. Weng was a Fukienese who had graduated from the Foochow Anglo-Chinese High School, the successor to Hung's alma mater, Foochow Anglo-Chinese College. Slightly crippled by polio contracted as a child, Weng learned to speak Japanese, English, and Manchu, and to read, in addition, French, German, Russian, and Mongolian. In sedulous imitation of Hung, he had taken up pipe-smoking and earned the nickname of "William Hung Number Two." Impressed by his work, Hung had without his knowledge written to Harvard-Yenching Institute and recommended him for a fellowship at Harvard. When the telegram of acceptance came, Hung handed it to Weng, who was thoroughly stunned. "Why didn't you tell me you were doing this for me?" he asked Hung. "I was afraid I might not be able to swing it," said Hung as he savored the youthful happiness of the student, so like his own when he had found out he was to study in the United States.

Hung's main vehicle for training future historians was his seminar on historical methods, popularly known on campus as "the seminar on rubbish." Hung paid a library clerk to go out on Sundays and buy scrap paper — bags of miscellaneous waste consisting mainly of drug-prescriptions, calendars, por-

nographic literature, magical charms, etc. — which he stored in the crawl space between the ceiling and the roof of the library. On Wednesday afternoons, the students enrolled in his course — never more than ten — would dig into the rubbish pile and attempt to identify the nature of the piece of scrap they'd picked out and establish its date and place of origin. If anyone discovered anything of historical significance, Hung encouraged the finder to write it up and publish the article in the student newspaper. After class, Hung took the students home for dinner or to a small restaurant off the campus. Often, when findings were intriguing, they went back and worked until the middle of the night.

Some valuable finds were made in Hung's rubbish pile: some documents belonging to the Imperial Archive, which they returned to the government, a long letter written in small Chinese characters from famed classical scholar Liu Shih-pei (1884-1919) to the Manchu Governor-general, offering to spy on missionaries. Also in the rubbish was a collection of poems in what appeared to be the handwriting of the Ch'ing iconoclast Ts'ui Shu (1740-1816). Hung took a trip to Ts'ui's hometown, confirmed the handwriting from the inscription Ts'ui had written on his brother's tombstone there, and even found some manuscripts, which subsequently were published.

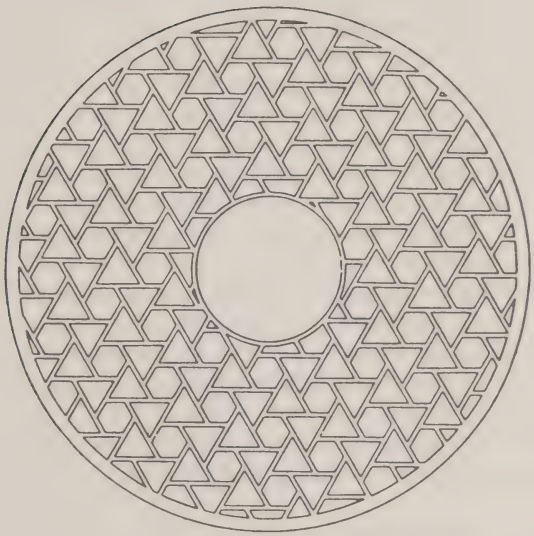
The student newspaper — the *Ta-kung-pao* — paid five yuan for every 1,000 words printed. One year, the newspaper had more money than it could use, and it was decided that the contributors should eat it up. The Peking restaurant chosen for the occasion was *Hou-te-fu*, distinguished for having on its menu the proverbial bear paw. (In Mencius there is the saying: "Fish and bear paw, you can't have both.")

"The bear paw was very expensive," Hung said, "and had to be ordered one week in advance. Everybody showed up. We got talking. After a while, I asked, 'When is the bear paw coming out?' And they told me, 'You just ate it!' To think I had eaten it and didn't know what it tasted like! Chang Chi-luan, the editor of the paper, said, 'Never mind, it tastes just like ordinary meat.' He asked the waiter to show me a bear paw. I lost all appetite after I saw it. It was hideous!"

As to Hung's writings of this period, a large part of them belongs to the category of historical detective-work at which he was unsurpassed. He himself wrote seven of the monographic introductions for the Sinological Index Series, which were book-length works themselves requiring years of study and research. What probably was Hung's greatest scholarly triumph was his Introduction to the concordance of the text and commentaries of the *Spring and Autumn Annals.* In the Introduction he proved that the *Annals,* traditionally attributed to Confucius himself, are a true record of their time. The proof lies in the fact that thirty of the thirty-seven eclipses recorded as appearing in China between the eigth and the fifth centuries B.C. can be verified, thus fixing the earliest ascertainable date in Chinese history. Hung also proved without a shadow of doubt that the *Annals* are reliable as history.

On the day in July, 1937, when Hung completed the writing of this, Japanese planes were bombing the Yenching campus. The house shook all day, and the windows cracked, but Hung was determined to shut out the chaos.

THE JAPANESE INVASION brought this productive period in Chinese intellectual life to a close. In 1942, Hung was thrown into prison along with other professors known for their support of resistance efforts against the Japanese. In prison he endured much suffering and was forced to witness the torture of one of his students. He was released in 1943.



Incarcerated By the Japanese

PEARL HARBOR DAY was December 7, 1941, in the United States, but in China, across the International Date Line, it was already December 8. Early that morning, the phone rang at the Hung residence. It was Chang Tung-sun, Professor of Philosophy and a political activist of liberal sympathies, telling

Hung that war between Japan and the U.S. had started. Hung roused Rhoda and Agnes out of bed. The servants said Japanese soldiers were already posted at the gates of the University.

The Japanese had not decided what to do with Yenching. One thing they were certain of, though, was that they wanted to capture Michael Lindsay (later Lord Lindsay), who had been teaching at Yenching since 1937. He and Hung used to spend long evenings together in front of the fireplace, smoking their pipes, reading, and talking, until one of them went off to bed. Unbeknownst to his colleagues, Lindsay had been smuggling explosives, medical supplies, and radio parts to Communist guerillas over the Western Hills. The Japanese headed straight for his and his new bride's home, only to find that they had taken John Leighton Stuart's car and fled to the Hills. (The Lindsays were to spend the next four years with the Communists, building a sophisticated radio communication system.) The Japanese entered the office of John Leighton Stuart and rifled the files. It was learned afterwards that he had been arrested and jailed. And that evening, the Japanese rounded up eleven students and twelve faculty members and kept them overnight in the administration building before taking them away in a truck the following afternoon. As they passed through the main gate of the University, the prisoners were deeply moved to see Professor Ryuzo Torii, the respected Japanese archeologist who was a member of the Yenching faculty, standing in formal Japanese attire by the gate and bowing to the truck in quiet defiance of the military.

A certain major general high up in the Japanese command tried to persuade senior faculty members and the administrative staff to reorganize Yenching under Japanese auspices. Failing this, they decided to convert the campus into a military hospital. The disbanded students either went home or joined the Communist guerillas or made their way to Nationalist territory in the southwest. Many continued their education at Yenching University In Exile, formed by a committee of faculties in Chengtu, in the province of Szechwan.

Three days after Christmas, Teng Chih-ch'eng was having lunch with the Hungs when Japanese police came to the house and took them to Stuart's office. While they waited there, Teng wrote the Chinese character *ch'iu* ("prisoner") with his finger on his pants. Hung nodded in silence. The Japanese came back with Stephen Ts'ai, the University provost and business manager, and took all three to the administration building of the Third College of Peking University, which had become headquarters for the Japanese police. They were fingerprinted. Their pockets were emptied and the contents carefully noted and put in separate envelopes. Then the three men were shoved into dark detention cells in the basement where they were to remain for a month and a half.

After Hung's eyes became adjusted to the dark, he saw that there were little mats on the wooden floor and, in one corner, a wooden commode. Another man was in the cell. He was big and had a long beared. As soon as the guards tramped away, the hulking figure crawled to Hung's side and whispered, "You are Professor William Hung of Yenching University, aren't you?"

Hung found out that this man — Tu Ch'ao-chieh — was an alleged Soviet spy. Privileged to receive food and clean clothing from his family, he was able to relay messages for Rhoda from Hung by hiding them among his things. When, a few days later, it was learned that Hung's friend Teng Chih-ch'eng was also being detained in the building, Tu laughed: "I have no doubt the Japanese will lose this war. They are stupid. They move you and Mr Teng into jail — two useless antiques! What a joke!"

Every prisoner was supplied with a blanket and a mat and allocated one piece of paper a day for his toilet. The bigger part of the paper, however, was saved for communication purposes. Their jailers searched them in the morning for pencils, matches, and other contraband items, of which there was always a good supply, hidden in nooks and crannies of the walls, because families could easily smuggle them in along with food and clothing. Once a day, prisoners were allowed to go into the open air in order to empty their commodes. During these airings, although they were tied to each other, they were able to maneuver so that they could exchange things — the most coveted item being fruit, because it helped bowel movements, the most coveted information being the sort of questions being asked by the Japanese during interrogations. After interrogation, some prisoners were released, while others were brought back to their cells, moaning, with bodies and faces disfigured by torture.

About a week after he was jailed, a Korean came and took Hung upstairs to what used to be a seminar room — about seven by nine feet, with a small window and blackboard at one end. In the center of the room was an oblong table and on the table was a stack of documents. A young Japanese officer with his cap on sat reading at the table. As Hung was brought in, he sat straight, and the Korean said to Hung in Chinese, "Please bow to His Honor."

Humiliated that he, a man almost fifty, was being ordered to bow to a soldier in his twenties, Hung did as he was told, though as he bowed, he said, "I am bowing to military might."

The officer told the Korean to get a chair for Hung. Hung then sat down facing the officer across the table. The officer asked him his name, age, birthplace, education, why he had studied in the United States, how many times he had been to Japan, whether he had friends in Japan, and so forth. This went on for about half an hour. Then the nature of the questions changed:

"Are you against the Japanese cause?"

"I am," Hung answered simply.

"What is your reason for resisting Japan?"

"There are two ways I can answer that question," Hung replied. "To answer it in a general way, I can tell you I have no choice but to resist Japanese aggression. But to answer in specifics, I shall need twenty minutes in which I am not interrupted."

The officer said Hung should be given twenty minutes.

This was the opportunity Hung had been waiting for. He made a speech, a portion of which he had already prepared in his mind and a portion of which had just occurred to him in a flash of inspiration:

"I am a historian," he said. "When I was young, I studied the history of China. Then I went abroad and studied world history, which includes the histories of Japan and Korea. I have come to an important conclusion. That is that the use of military force to conquer other countries, to enslave other people, to make other people submit against their will, can only succeed temporarily. There is bound to be a reaction, and, in the end, retribution. When the end finally comes, the oppressors suffer as much as the victims, sometimes worse than the victims." He drew examples from the history of the West, beginning with Alexander the Great and ending with the Kaiser during World War I. He pointed out that the Chinese had overthrown the foreigners who had conquered China — the Mongolians and the Manchus. "Look at the Manchus," he said. "They have now all become beggars and the Chinese have to take care of them.

"I am not against the Japanese people. I admire the Japanese people, but not the Japanese military machine of which Your Honor is a part. Your propaganda says you have come to conquer China because the Chinese government is corrupt. That was true of the warlord, but not of the Nationalist government. I am not a member of Kuomintang — there are a lot of things about the Kuomintang I don't approve of — but the Kuomintang had started to industrialize China before you came.

"The Japanese military first conquered Manchuria. Then you occupied North China. Now you are fighting the whole world. I don't know when the end will come, but I know it will come and, when it does, the Japanese people will suffer.

"I am sorry for the Japanese people. They are lied to by the military. You claim you are establishing a co-prosperity sphere for Asians. How do I know that's a lie? Just look at the history of Korea, starting in 1885, when Japan first became interested in that country. China went to war with Japan because the Koreans were not able to defend themselves. After you won the war, you annexed Korea. Now, whether the Koreans like it or not, they are drafted into the Japanese army and put into subordinate positions. You want to do to China what you did to Korea."

When Hung got to the part of his speech having to do with Korea, tears streamed down the face of the Korean interpreter. The Japanese officer turned pale. Without waiting for the interpretation, he said, "It's lunch time. Take him down."

As the Korean led Hung back to his cell, he said, "What you said is true. Keep it up, I think His Honor was also moved."

Hung was so euphoric he could not eat. When he told Tu what had happened, Tu said, "Wonderful! The Japanese bully whom they can, but they respect people with pluck."

Hung was ready to launch into another speech when, about two-o'clock, the Korean returned to fetch him. Just as in the morning, when they came to the seminar room where the officer was seated, the Korean said, "Please bow to His Honor," and Hung bowed and said again, "I am bowing to military might."

Now, to his astonishment, the officer looked at him in silence, then put

his cap on the table and walked to the back of the room where the blackboard stood and there bowed to Hung, saying, "I am bowing to a man who is fearless in speaking his mind." In perfect Chinese, he explained that he was only doing his duty and wished to speak in private with Hung later on.

That evening, the officer called Hung to his room and plied him with tea and pipe tobacco. They had a long conversation while they smoked. He told Hung his name was Kurozawa — Second Lieutenant Kurozawa. He asked Hung what he thought of Chiang Kai-shek.

Hung said that Chiang had been a dissipated gangster before he married Sung Mei-ling. But that after he was converted to Christianity, he had stopped smoking, drinking, gambling, and whoring. The Japanese had made him a hero — their failure to catch him had made him one.

Kurozawa nodded in agreement.

Kurozawa's interrogation of Hung was exceptional. Most of the Yenching faculty who had been arrested were not so lucky. Lu Chih-wei had almost all of his teeth knocked out. Others were given the "hose" — a water hose aimed at the face of the prisoner who, choking and struggling to breathe, gradually lost consciousness.

The rest of Hung's stay in the detention cell was relatively uneventful. A student of Hung's, James Tzu-chien Liu, was placed in the cell with him and bearded Tu. While he was there, he did Hung's washing for him. Later, Hung fell seriously ill. One day he was so weak that a doctor was sent to see him. He gave Hung some aspirin. Hung had to lie down in his fur coat and not eat until he recovered.

Several days before the Chinese New Year, a jailer came and told eleven of the Yenching faculty to put their belongings into bags and follow him. They thought they were about to be released. But then a fellow came with handcuffs and clamped them together by pairs. Aside from Hung, Teng Chih-ch'eng, Stephen Ts'ai, Chang Tung-sun, and Lu Chih-wei, there were Chai Tzu-ch'en, the dean of religion, Liu Hu-hsien, professor of journalism and a prominent Catholic layman, Ch'en Ch'i-t'ien, dean of the College of Public Affairs, and three younger professors — Lin Chia-t'ung, Hou Jen-chi, and Chao Ch'eng-hsin.

Up to this moment Hung had had no sense of fear. But at the sight of the handcuffs, his heart sank. He prayed, "Oh, God, I am so ashamed of myself. I have made up my mind not to be afraid. Give me courage so that I can live up to it"

Hung was handcuffed to Chang Tuang-sun.

"What does this all mean?" he asked Hung. "Are you scared?"

"I was, but I'm not now."

"If you aren't, then I'm not, either."

Hung quoted a passage from the *Analects* of Confucius: "The virtuous man is not alone, he always finds a neighbor."

Chang grinned at that.

They were put in a truck and driven past the Russian Orthodox Church to a Japanese military prison. They did not know where they were, but since they could hear the bells of the church ringing every four hours, they figured they must be somewhere in the northeastern corner of Peking. They were fingerprinted again and stripped naked for examination. When they were allowed to put their clothes back on, they were each assigned a number and thereafter were called only by number. Hung's number was 506.

For eight days, all eleven of them were put in one huge cell and ordered to sit on mats facing the wall all day. Guards paced back and forth along the cell gate, which was made of wood and crudely latticed. There was no commode, only a foul-smelling hole at one corner of the cell. They were fed twice a day, at ten in the morning and around two in the afternoon. Their meals consisted of a shallow bowl of steamed millet mixed with sand and ashes — the sand was thought to help bowel movements — together with a cup of soup made by boiling scraps from the Japanese table in salty water and a cup of hot water. These were passed through holes in the latticed gate, sometimes with chopsticks, sometimes without. Two cups of hot water were all they got for both drinking and washing. Since the soup tended to make him thirstier, Hung often chose to forego the soup and used part of the hot water to wash his face and hands. Fleas and lice grew on their bodies, making them itch all over.

They were not allowed to communicate with each other, but they whispered at every chance they had. It was not long before they developed two sets of code. The first code consisted of scratching movements, the brow standing for B, the cheek for C, and so on. They were amused to see that the guards soon were scratching wildly, too. The second code consisted of sounds — actually raps — which proved to be extremely useful when later they were put into solitary confinement. In all their communications, they elicited no response from Ch'en Ch'i-t'ien, the dean of the College of Public Affairs, and they began to suspect him of intending to cooperate with the Japanese.

Across the corridor from their cell, some Japanese soldiers were imprisoned. Though beaten regularly by the guards, they were fed very well. When the aromatic smell of their good food wafted in at mealtimes, the starving Yenching men were driven to distraction. Every week the soldiers were weighed, which led the Chinese to conclude that they were going to be sent back to the battlefield as soon as their sentences were up. The Chinese watched with amazement Japanese military discipline in action. The lowest Japanese officer could slap the face of anyone inferior to him in rank. The subordinate, having been slapped, was obliged to bow deeply and thank his superior for the honor.

The Chinese were not permitted to lie down until after eight o'clock at night. They had to sleep with a bare light bulb shining in their faces. One of the eleven took sick, the guard was informed, and he was granted permission to lie

down during the day. Several days afterwards, another guard, passing the cell, saw the sick man lying on the floor and entered the cell to kick him. The first guard told the second the man was sick. Hung was amused when Chang Tung-sun also lay down, saying, "I'm sick, too!" The guards told him he was not sick, kicked him, and ordered him to sit up.

When they were put into solitary confinement for twenty-four days, they realized loneliness was worse than hunger, thirst, cold, or vermin. Chang again was the first to break down. Coming from a wealthy, cultured family near Hangchow in Chekiang, Chang had never slept alone in his life. The unremitting loneliness grew intolerable to him. He had studied in Japan in his younger days, but after returning to China had refused to read or write or speak the language. From his cell, he could be heard calling to the guard: "Your Honor! Your Honor!"

"What do you think this is? A hotel?" The guard would yell. "This is a prison! Shut up!"

Then Chang would start cursing in Japanese. He would curse the whole Japanese military establishment, the Japanese nation, the Japanese emperor. "*Baka!*" he would scream.

The guard eventually would go into his cell and beat him up. When the guard left, Chang would dash his head against the cement wall of his cell, trying to kill himself.

Hung, some eight or nine cells away from Chang, was deeply disturbed. He felt he too was losing his mind. He pressed his hands over his ears so that he could not hear Chang. He prayed.

"William Hung," he said to himself then, "for years you have been complaining that you do not have any time to yourself. Do you realize you now have nothing but time? For the first time in your life you've got all the time you want. With your education, you should be able to decide what to do with it."

Remembering that Jesus had spent forty days in the wilderness, that Mohammed had gone off to be alone, and that Martin Luther had hidden himself in the small town of Wittenberg in order to meditate, he resolved to shut everything out of his mind and concentrate on the formulation of the Utopian novel he had years before thought of writing on the "productionism" of his student Chang Wen-li. Projecting the story into 1965, he tried to imagine what China would be like after Japan had been defeated and the Kuomintang and the Communists were cooperating to build a new nation based on "productionism." Around the dry explication of a planned economy, he built a plot of mystery and romance.

Hung had practically completed a detailed outline of the novel in his mind when, on March 14, the cell door flew open and a man was pushed in. This turned out to be Chao Tze-ch'en, Yenching's Dean of Religion. Figuring that prison was getting crowded, they settled down to the pleasure of each other's company. Hung discussed his novel with Chao, Chao provided theological support for his vision of a New China. They also spent hours composing poetry — Chao was a poet of no small distinction — on such subjects as eating on the floor, dreams, scratching fleas, longing for wives and children, a sunbeam's finding its way into their cell, the willow tree outside their small

window, the sounds of church bells, etc. (After his release, Chao wrote down his own poems, 170 in all, and published a selection of them in Yenching's alumni bulletin, several of them addressed to Hung.) Hung and Chao's poetry-making helped them almost forget their physical discomfort.

Chao, unlike Hung, did not eat much of the millet, but drank the soup. One day, with a big grin on his face, he pulled a piece of pork out of his soup, holding it up by a hair that still attached to it. Knowing that Chao's wife was a marvelous cook with a reputation for her delicate Soochow pastries, Hung felt a surge of pity for Chao.

After seventeen days with Chao, Hung was transferred to Cell 34, where he found Liu Huo-hsien and Lin Chia-t'ung. The minds of all three kept reverting to food, Lin fantasizing about a nicely roasted suckling pig, Liu about *i-p'in kuo*, a hot pot or mixed delicacies, Hung about platefuls of raw oysters served with tomato juice, lemon, and horseradish, to be followed by honeydew melon.

"What we are eating is pigfeed, really," one of them said.

"We are not common pigs," Hung quipped. "We are His Majesty the Emperor's pigs."

They all burst out laughing.

Two guards rushed in, demanding to know who had been talking.

Hung said he was. Whereupon the older guard said, "The penalty for talking is beating."

"He's too old to be beaten," the younger guard said. "Let me take the beating in his place." And he bent down on the floor while the older guard gave him two perfunctory raps.

An epidemic of typhus broke out in the prison. Chao almost died of it, and Hung could hardly breathe because of the green powder sprayed in the cells. As a result of the epidemic, however, they were twice given baths, their fingernails were clipped, and their heads shorn.

On April 14, Hung was handcuffed and bound with a cord and led out of the prison to the Japanese military court. He was asked if he regarded Japan as an aggressor and why. He gave the answer he had given Second Lieutenant Kurozawa. He was then asked why he did not go over to Chungking and participate in the war of resistance. He said he was too old to bear arms, and, besides, he believed in passive rather than active resistance. Did he love America? Hung said he loved both China and America. Did he believe Japan would lose the war? Hung said he hoped peace would come soon because he did not believe the average Japanese wanted war. After this, he was asked to explain his social and political ideals.

He was taken to the military court again the following day. Not knowing it would be warm, Hung had on his fur overcoat. The room was warm not only because of the weather but a fire that was blazing, and Hung asked if he might be unbound to remove the coat. Saying that he would be finished within a few minutes, the interrogator refused his request. But the young stenographer, whose eyes Hung had avoided, extended his hand across the table and offered Hung a box of Japanese cooling pills. Hung gazed up in gratitude and found in the stenographer's eyes not the hatred he expected but sympathy. At that

instant, he felt his prayer was going to be answered and he would soon be released.

While waiting for this to happen, Hung, sitting on a mat and facing the wall, passed the time by looking at the cobwebs. One morning he noticed the cobwebs had formed a new pattern! "There was a jungle. In front of the jungle was the upper part of man with a mustache. He was bald and had very sharp, penetrating eyes like an Arab. His arms were stretched out on either side of him, with the back of his hands to the front. Then I saw there were wild beasts behind him which he seemed to have waved off with his hands. Then I looked again. This time I discovered pieces of wood above the man's head and outstretched hands. It was a picture of the crucifixion! Seeing this, I trembled in fear. When I looked again, I saw red blood trickling down from where the man's heart was. I almost fainted. I was sure I was hallucinating and finally losing my mind. So I decided to investigate. I stood up to use the latrine and passed directly in front of the wall on my way there. The picture was not visible at close range, but the blood was. On my way back to my mat, I found out where the blood came from. Someone had killed a bed bug on the wall and the blood was smeared down the wall. After I sat down, the picture was still there. I coughed and caught the attention of Liu Huo-hsien, who was sitting a couple of feet in front of me. I asked him if he could see anything on the opposite wall. Liu shook his head. He didn't see anything. Later, I suggested he change places with me. When he did, I saw him shudder. 'What do you see?' I asked. Instead of answering, he asked if I knew what day it was. I said it was Friday. 'Good Friday,' he said.

"On the night of May 15," Hung said, "I stayed awake and tried to recall as many happy words as possible that began with the letter C. I had played this game before with words like 'calumny' or 'complaint' or 'cough' or 'callous'. That night, what came to me was a chain of words: Court calls completed. Charge cancelled. Case concluded. Cannot continue. Confinement cut."

Next morning, three of them — Hung, Tien Chih-ch'eng, and Liu — were called back to the military court. A major general told them that, although they were not happy with their attitude toward the Japanese army, there was not sufficient evidence to sustain the charge that they had violated Japanese military law. He apologized for their long detention and wished them speedy recovery of their health. He said he hoped they would soon join the new government and share the glory of the victory of Japan and her allies.

They were given back their belongings. Their Japanese jailer shook hands with them and asked if there was anything he could do for them. Teng asked for rickshaws to take them home. It was at this point that new addresses were handed to them and they learned that their homes on the Yenching campus were no longer theirs.

The Japanese evidently had concluded it would do them no good for the academics to die on their hands. In about a month, the rest of the Yenching eleven were released. All of them had to recuperate in the hospital for various lengths of time. Lu Chih-wei was carried out on a stretcher. Chao collapsed in a heap on the ground in front of the door of his home. Hung had lost twenty-five pounds.

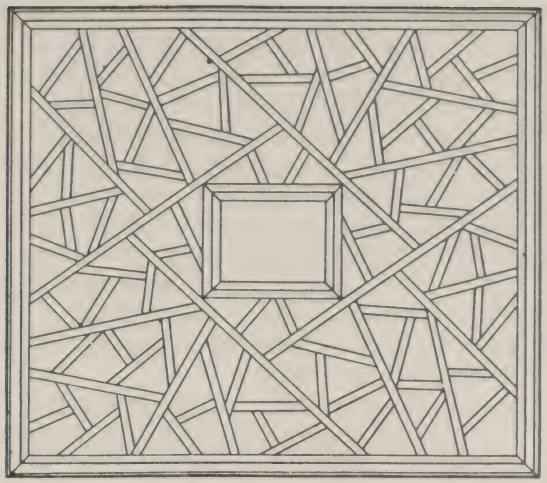
AFTER THE WAR, Hung went to the University of Hawaii as visiting lecturer and then accepted an invitation from Harvard to go there as visiting lecturer from 1947 to 1948. By this time the atmosphere in Peking was strongly anti-American, and Hung concluded that his history of strong ties with the United States would limit his usefulness in China, and decided to stay in the U.S. pending a change of mood. Then came the Communist revolution, which prevented his return.

From 1948 to 1963, Hung carried on his scholarly work at Harvard as Research Associate of the Harvard-Yenching Institute. In 1952, he published his major book, Tu Fu, China's Greatest Poet. *In 1958, he served as a member of the commission to recommend educational policies for Nanyang University, meeting for that purpose in Singapore.*

During the more than three decades that Hung spent in Cambridge, Mass., down to the time of his death, he remained very active in guiding the work of many Harvard scholars, both students and colleagues. Hung's wife Rhoda predeceased him in 1972. Two daughters, Gertrude and Agnes, also predeceased him. He died in December, 1980, at the age of eighty-seven. He is survived by his eldest daughter Ruth Beasley, five grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

According to William Hung's desire, his ashes and those of his wife were buried in the Smith-Crawford plot at Old Walton Cemetery, Pepperell, Massachusetts, in December of 1980.

Snapshot taken in early 1940's, around time of his imprisonment by the Japanese, shows a graying Hung, Rhoda Hung, and all three of their daughters.



William Hung: The Witness of Truth

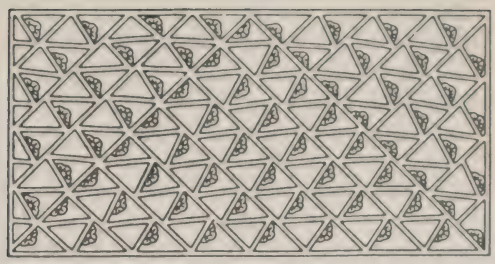
by HERRYMON MAURER

UNLESS there be Truth in the large — the Truth that is God — it is difficult to hold onto truth in the small — the truth that is of God, and that shows itself in the everyday facts that make up the reality of creation. In the first half of this century, the essential witness of William Hung and of other scholars of China's Renaissance was the sacredness of fact — of what is and of what takes place — and the divine compulsion to speak truth to power and justice to oppression. Thus, of course, speak the prophets of the Jewish and Christian traditions. But it is little known that there is a prophetic tradition in China, speaking in different words but in much the same tone, that stretches back in time to the early sage-prophets, Lao Tzu and Confucius, and continues through a succession of scholars and teachers, like Mencius, Tu Fu, Fan Chung-yen, Su Tung-p'o, and Wang Yang-ming. All of these men raised the prophetic voice of objective fact against violence and injustice, often at the risk of their lives, their livelihood, and their life work. In our own century, this tradition sprang again to vigor in the lives and works of the scholars of the Chinese Renaissance, whatever admixture there was in each of them of Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, Christianity, and even agnosticism; and it spoke eloquently in William Hung, in whom Christianity mixed fruitfully with China's Three Religions, in particular with Confucianism.

This tradition in general and the specific work of men like Dr Hung increases in pertinence to Westerners at a time when their own culture is losing awareness of outward and objective reality in favor of a me-first subjectivity that often degenerates into myth. This way of thinking looks at reality, not as if it were solid and many-sided, but as if it could be examined from a particular point of view, from a particular abstract idea, from a personal position, from a self-willed edifice of theory and fancy. Such subjectivity has long been current in Western literary, historical, and philosophical scholarship, and it is now invading the supposedly factual realms of physical science, creating myth where there should be truth and leading to egocentric posings and other perversions of reality. If fact is not sacred and inviolate, if it is not a beyond-self creation, then the world of actuality fades, and outside events become no more than aspects of one's own will.

In 1919, when Dr Hung received his master's degree from Columbia University, he was one of perhaps two thousand Chinese students studying in the United States and taking part in the beginning of one of the great cultural interchanges of modern history. The basic aim of these students was to find an amalgam of ancient Chinese ways and the new ways of the West. Only three years earlier, Hu Shih, himself a Columbia graduate, had proposed a renaissance in Chinese culture through a change from the old and recondite literature of the classics to the forms of everyday speech, a step as important to China as the shift from Latin to vernacular languages was in Europe. Propelled by students returned from study in the U.S. and by students still studying there, an urge for reform promptly swept the country, and it seemed almost inevitable that the future of China could be in no hands other than those of the students who had studied abroad.

These students formed the nucleus of what came to be called the Liberal Movement, although it was liberal not in comparison with American or British liberalism but in distinction to the Chinese traditionalism that sought to hold onto old habits and old privileges. It was centered at two universities in Peking; National Peking University, where Dr Hu taught and wrote, and, within a few years, at Yenching University, a new Christian college in China, where Dr Hung started the development of a great Chinese library, set up the famous Harvard-Yenching Institute of Chinese studies, and carried out the basic source work in Chinese history that resulted in the seventy-seven-volume Harvard-Yenching Sinological Index Series, one of the greatest scholarly



undertakings of this century. It aimed to establish precisely what was written and what took place in China's long past (literature and history and government having been tightly interwoven since Confucian times) without any coloration from traditional or modern points of view, and beyond any influence of orthodoxy or heterodoxy.

In short, he systematically studied the classics that trace China's history and made such a searching analysis of all the facts concerning them that it became possible to know with some certainty what happened and what was written. Together with his friend Hu Shih, Dr Hung accomplished a new way of looking at China's past and, all important, of actualizing its strengths in current political, social, and personal situations. Neither of the two men hesitated to bring their experience and their scholarship to bear on current social problems, and they warned against governmental confusions and rigidities and injustices without regard to personal consequences, much as the great literary figures of China had warned long before.

Because of his role in originating the literary renaissance, Dr Hu was the more prominent, although he resisted any but scholarly posts until he felt unable to refuse the wartime post of ambassador to Washington. Dr Hung kept himself carefully hidden, letting it be known that he had made three resolutions: never, for the sake of statesmanship, to be an official; never, for the sake of religion, to be an ordained minister; and never, for the sake of learning, to be an administrator. It was by the very ancient Chinese method of not seeking to be first that the two men became leaders. Their enthusiam was for study not self. Both of them were dedicated to what they called literary detective work — straightening out the record of the past — and Dr Hu expressed typical impatience with his ambassadorship because it was postponing a task of rehabilitating an eighteenth century scholar, Tai Chen, falsely accused of plagiarism. Both sought to perpetuate their work, not by the Western method of pursuing fame, but by the Chinese method of training the students they taught and of taking great personal pains to encourage them.

They were by no means alone. Among the returned students there were writers like Lin Yutang, jurists like Wang Ch'ung-hui and John C.H. Wu,

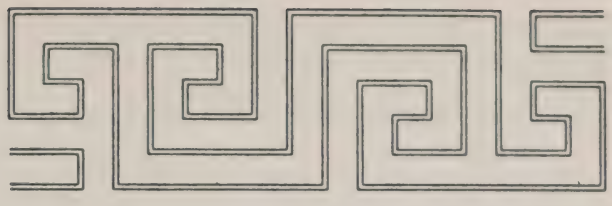
administrator-scholars like Chiang Monlin and Fu Ssu-nien (long-time chancellor and vice-chancellor of Peking University), archeologists like Li Chi, philologists like Chai Yuen-ren, not to mention liberal educators like Wang Shih-chieh and T.F. Tsiang who eventually held high government posts. These names are only a few among a large number who led the drive towards China's modernization. A still greater number of men and women throughout the country, particularly middle-school and university teachers, followed them respectfully and avidly. So did a substantial number of younger men in business and government. And so did a number of Westerners who were studying and teaching in China. They too shared a dream that Western culture and religion could be revitalized by fresh and open contact with China.

In matters of custom, the liberals sought to relieve the confinements of tradition, particularly the rigidities of family life and the role of women. In matters of government, they sought to temper autocracy and military rule with democracy of an American pattern, pending its eventual establishment as China's system of government. In social affairs, they sought to overcome oppression and violence with the wisdom alike of China and of the West. They sought to overcome the recent divisiveness of their country with a popular call for a unity that had been lacking during the years of warlord rule and Communist subversion. In particular, they sought a sounder relationship between China and the West, one based not on a subservience of one to the other but on an equality which, alike in Chinese and Western thought, is native to all men.

Equality had been lacking. In contrast to the respect shown by the West to China in the eighteenth century, when her standard of living was probably the highest in the world, humiliation was visited upon China, politically and personally, in the nineteenth, and the habit of treating China and the Chinese as second-class carried over into the twentieth century, so that in almost every field of social, political, and scholarly endeavor, Chinese were told by Westerners what was good for them. Even in the field of scholarly Chinese studies, Western sinologists (not a few of whom were markedly uneasy in the Chinese language) acted until relatively recently with shocking complacency as if they understood more and better than their Chinese colleagues. They had no more grace, moreover, than to be unaware of this condescension. And the Christian church in China did not move toward autonomy from Western influence until the second quarter of this century, despite the labors of leaders like Dr Hung.

Progress in rising above humiliations was not rapid and progress in modernization suffered many delays, but even as late as the earlier years of the Sino-Japanese war progress was continual. And then with tragic inevitability progress gave way to utter failure. The scope of war in Asia broadened in 1942 to include the U.S. as a participant. The Chinese culture that the liberals had sought to unite with the best of the West started to crumble and before long it was gone, overwhelmed by the armed forces of the Communist insurrection, which had existed since the twenties but had grown in power only amid the exhaustions and dislocations of the war with Japan.

The reasons for this collapse have been argued endlessly, but for purposes of this article they are less important than what happened. It should be noted,



however, that Chinese war exhaustion resulted from an American decision early in 1942 to assign a low priority to the Chinese theatre of war and to concentrate effort and supplies in Europe: a decision that led to a power vacuum in China that was increasingly filled by Communism. After the decision had been made, moreover, American officials (as if in self-justification) began chiding China for the very weakness that was the consequence of the refusal to send adequate supplies. Thereafter, as the Communists began growing in strength, the same officials began comparing them favorably with the non-Communists and began talking of their essentially Stalinist form of Communism as an independent agrarian movement which could be won for friendship with the United States. Until the eclipse of Chinese culture in 1949 when the Communists took power, educated American opinion tended to look more favorably upon their claims than on the factual descriptions of the Chinese liberals, who had been educated in America and had long worked in China for democracy of the U.S. model.

It was not that the liberals did not speak out. Hu Shih and Lin Yutang spoke publicly and repeatedly. Dr Hung, who had returned to Harvard to study and teach in 1946, spoke privately and undertook a regular series of journeys to put facts before persons who could possibly influence opinion. These men were joined frequently by colleagues in this country and by others visiting from China, but American opinion, which had been wildly and uncritically favorable to the Chinese government before 1942, thereafter remained wildly and uncritically unfavorable. The Chinese liberals were brushed aside by the opinion-makers of the very country whose method of government they had urged as a model for China. For a time after the war, they were even dismissed as mere agents of the Chinese government, and they were criticized for criticizing Chinese Communism. Forgotten was the fact that the Chinese liberals had watched and studied every aspect of the growth of Chinese Communism since its beginnings in Peking in 1920. They had known personally its leaders; and they had approached the subject of Communism with the same system of objective research with which they approached any other subject, keeping up with its methods and goals, including all the changes of program and propaganda, and studying the very considerable quantity of written material turned out by the Communist theoreticians and apologists.

The liberal objection to Communism centered on its rejection of past wisdom, its manipulation of people by violence, and, in particular, its practice of deceit. The depth of these evils, however, was not widely recognized by American opinion in the 1940's, which during the war had become increasingly tolerant of manipulations of peoples and facts for supposedly greater ends.

One single aspect of that manipulation was the treatment of China as if it were a poor relation, as if it were nothing more than an inferior player in the great game of international war and diplomacy, according to which Americans knew better what was good for China than did American-educated Chinese.

Thereupon there occurred nothing less than the eclipse of Chinese culture, apart from the fragments of it that took new root in Taiwan and the United States, and a convulsion of violence took place within China so vast that it completely overwhelms the imagination. People perished by the tens of millions. Whatever was left of the millenia of Chinese life survived only in the underground of the unconscious.

Bitterness, however, was not the reaction of the remnant of the Chinese liberal movement that survived abroad. They were entirely too well informed to accept the notion, later current, that a conspiracy in high places in the U.S. was responsible for the fall of China. They did not suffer from the sense of hurt emptiness that often results from the failure of personal hopes and efforts, and they never reduced a tragedy so enormous and cataclysmic as the loss of their country and their culture to anything so small as self-interest and self-will. They did not clamor for success; they clamored for Truth, and they did not desert what they sought because they did not get what they wanted. As long as they lived — with Dr Hung's death there are few left — their witness was unchanged: it remained a call for making Truth active in the world of history and in the world of everyday fact, no matter the enormity of the obstacles to its realization. And thus their witness continues to remain a challenge, not only to their own country, but to the West. In the realm of true reality, there is no failure. As long, at least, as there is a continuity of life of earth, there is only delay.

In 1949, the year Communism came to power in China, a similar witness was launched by Carl Evans in his plans for Fellowship in Prayer. Watching the obliteration of life's continuity in China and seeing the threat of the obliteration of life in all countries by atomic weapons, he proposed that men and women of all faiths develop a passionate concern for dispassionate Truth, and that they turn to God with prayer of the thorough-going sort that alters people's lives and makes them instruments of a will greater than their own. Both Carl Evans and Kathryn Brown had known Dr Hung and other Chinese liberals through their work with the United Board of Christian Colleges in China, and a basic aim of the fellowship has been to draw on their wisdom and continue their witness. Dr Hung was the Fellowship's first president and he continued active as a Trustee for more than thirty years.

His country gone, Dr Hung simply went on with his studying, his teaching, and his writing. He completed his book on Tu Fu in 1952 and began research into the eighth-century *Shih T'ung*, the first work of Chinese historiography. He left not only his completed wisdom and his completed work but also the students he had so strongly encouraged. Twenty of them are now preeminent as Chinese historians; and one of them, James T. C. Liu, Professor of Far Eastern Studies at Princeton, now occupies Dr Hung's seat on the Fellowship in Prayer board. Truth constantly reemerges. William Hung's life is now the Fellowship's witness.

William Hung on China's Greatest Poet

When I was a boy of thirteen my father gave me a set of Tu Fu's works in Yang's edition. My father told me that Tu Fu was a man of ambition, character, and humor. "He was the type of man," said my father, "who if he had luck, would succeed, and if he had no luck would not fail." When I grew up, I learned to like the Bible as the best of books. Next only to the Psalms, the poems of Tu Fu have given me the greatest fascination, joy, and consolation.

During the months of my imprisonment by the Japanese army in 1942, I requested a copy of the Bible. It was denied me. Then I requested a set of Tu Fu. When Wen T'ien-hsiang (1236-1282) refused to serve the Mongols and was in prison awaiting execution, he occupied himself by using the original lines of Tu Fu to fashion two hundred new poems. I thought I might enjoy the same game. My request was again refused; no reading of any kind was permitted. In my prayers and meditations, I resolved on a number of things I should do if I survived my imprisonment. To study Tu Fu with greater concentration was one of them.

Tu Fu writes his poems with his tears, and we often feel some of his lines are wet. His anxieties and aspirations were mainly concerned with the good or bad aspects of government, with the welfare or misfortunes of the people, with peace or war. His poems have been generally recognized as indispensable for the study of the history of this time. And what a time it was! The world's most glorious empire was suddenly thrown into the deepest chaos and misery by political intrigue, misgovernment, and war.

Tu Fu (712-770) on War's Disasters

THE SONG OF WAR CHARIOTS
Chariots rumble, horses neigh, Men are marching with bows and arrows. Parents, wives, and children rush to bid them farewell. The rising dust obscures the Hsien-yang Bridge. They clutch at the soldiers' clothes, stumble, and bar the road; their cries pierce the clouds.

SILKWORMS AND COWS
There must be ten thousand cities in the Empire; And none of them is untroubled by the weapons of war. How good it would be to beat

(continued on next page)

these instruments into farming tools, And let the oxen plow every acre of the many abandoned fields! Oxen on the farms. Silkworms in the homes.

LOOK AT SPRING!
The nation is shattered. Only the landscape remains. Spring in the city? Yes, unpruned trees and overgrown weeds. Flowers are watered with tears of discouragement. Birds sing heartbreaking songs of separation. Beacon fires of battle have been burning for months. A letter from home would be worth a fabulous fortune! As I scratch my scanty white hair, more falls.

JADE FLOWER PALACE
On the bank of the winding gully where the wind of pines is echoed long, I find gray rats scurrying among heaps of broken tiles. There is no sign to tell which prince's palace it was that now stands in ruins under the sharp precipice. In the damp, dark rooms, blue ghost fires flicker. Outside, by the abandoned road, a melancholy stream pours downhill.

PARTING OF AN AGED COUPLE
The whole world is on a military expedition; Battle fires blaze on every hill. Corpses left in the woods are stinking; Human blood has stained the landscape red. No village is a safer place than another; I may as well leave and cease to hesitate. Leaving forever the thatched hut that has long been our dwelling, I feel despair has broken everything inside of me.

THE SOJOURNER'S DWELLING
Oh that I might pour out the waters of the eight oceans To wash clean the entire world!

SICK WITH FEVER ON THE BOAT
It is useless for a stumbler to try keeping step with the times. Many there are who, with open faces and engaging smiles, Have kept running and climbing with surprising speed. And yet tolerance has been allowed one who is too unskilled to flatter. Such is indeed the shining grace of God.

But the bloodshed of war has continued, And the cries of battle have not ceased even now. I have only timely tears.

Excerpted by permission from Tu Fu: China's Greatest Poet, *by William Hung, Cambridge, 1952, Harvard University Press.*

About the Contributors to This Issue

James T.C. Liu is Professor of Chinese History in the Department of East Asian Studies at Princeton University.

Susan Chan Egan, who grew up in the Chinese community of Manila, holds an M.A. in Comparative Literature from the University of Washington and an M.B.A. from Boston University. She is currently working as a securities analyst in Boston. Her other publications are business-related. About her biography-in-progress of William, she says:

"I first met William Hung in 1973 through my husband, Ronald Egan, who teaches Chinese literature at Harvard. Drawn initially to him by his wit and astonishing range of knowledge, I soon discovered he was a practical sort of man as well. He came to represent to me the grandfather I never had.

"William had a much-deserved reputation as a raconteur. After a particularly memorable dinner, I asked if I might tape some of his stories. They were, I thought, too good to be lost. He warmed instantly to the idea, so every Sunday afternoon for more than two years between 1978 and 1980, we would sit in his kitchen over a pot of hot tea to take the stories of his life. On one level, it was a simple life— that of an idealistic man, like countless others, who grew up in the waning days of the Manchu Empire. He was eager to make something of himself and hoped somehow to 'save China.'

"Very early during our sessions, it occurred to me I had to do something with the material. William did not want it to be an autobiography 'as-told-to-so-and-so' and insisted we let the form take care of itself. I have opted to reconstruct his life according to what he told me. I have followed his version of events quite closely unless it is contradicted by incontestable documents. I am, naturally, limited by my lack of knowledge of most of the events described, yet I flatter myself there are spots where my own insights have been of value."

Herrymon Maurer was an instructor in English at the University of Nanking from 1938 to 1941, when it was in exile in Chengtu, West China. During the war and postwar years, he reported on China and Japan and was an editor of *Fortune.*

Biographical notes between chapters have been drawn from *The Boston Globe*'s obituary of William Hung by Joseph Fletcher, Professor of Chinese and Central Asian History at Harvard University.

The drawings used in this issue are all from CHINESE LATTICE DESIGNS by Daniel Sheets Dye (Dover Publications, Inc., 180 Varick Street New York, N.Y. 10014). The original editions of this work constituted Volumes V and VI of the Harvard-Yenching Institute Monograph Series.

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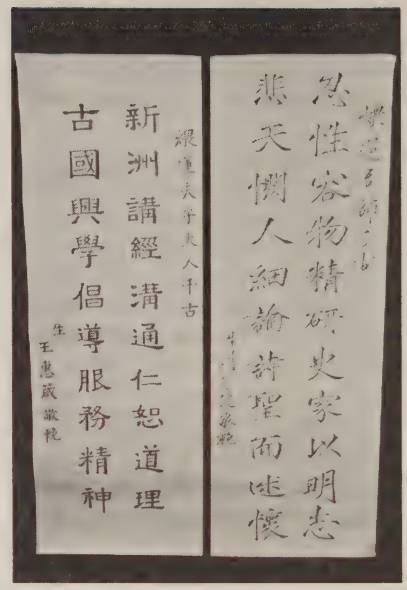

Eulogies composed in memory of William Hung read as follows:

(Left)
Patient with nature and tolerant of others
He wrote meticulously on the best historiographer
Thus revealing what his own aspirations were.

Sorrowful of Man's Fate and compassionate to all souls
He sketched the life of China's greatest poet
As a way of telling how he himself felt.
— *James T.C. Liu*

(Right)
Lecturing on Chinese classics in the New World
He linked up humanity and forgiveness in both cultures

Building modern education in the old country
He lit up the spirit of service to mankind.
— *Hui-chen Wang*

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Chinese lattice design — manifold longevity window from Ts'ao T'ang monastery, outside South Gate, in Chengtu, the temple which especially commemorates the T'ang dynasty poet Tu Fu.

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